

THE MONTHLY REVIEW

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DANNY—LXV—LXXI—ALFRED OLLIVANT

NOTE.—In the January number of the MONTHLY REVIEW Mr. Ollivant's "Danny" will be concluded, and a new Serial Story will at the same time be begun. This will be a philosophical and religious romance of modern society; the Author is well known to the public, but prefers to remain anonymous until the work appears in book form.

The Editor of the MONTHLY REVIEW is always happy to receive MSS., and to give them his consideration, provided that they are type-written or easily legible, and accompanied by a stamped envelope for their return if not accepted. In the case of all unsolicited contributions the Editor requests his correspondents (i) to excuse him from replying otherwise than by formal printed letter; (ii) to state whether he is offered the refusal of the MS. indefinitely or only for a limited period. Where the offer is indefinite the Editor cannot be answerable for time or opportunities lost through his adverse decision after long consideration; nor can he in any case be responsible for the loss of a MS. submitted to him, although every care will be taken of those sent. They should be addressed to the EDITOR, "Monthly Review," 50A Albemarle Street, London, W.

THE COMING OF DOWNY V. GREEN

THE Titan has her moods. From 1887 to 1897 she was jubilant and perhaps a little lazy; toyed with yellow books and dreamed of an invincible army and an unassailable commerce. In 1899, lighthearted still in spite of Dr. Jameson, she fell headlong into Mr. Kruger's tortoise trap; and spent the best part of three years in grim Titanic doggedness, bearing the vast orb of her fate on shoulders lamentably stiff and awkward. Once in training again, she seems to feel her energy and her old good humour return together; she will organise, adapt, expand; she will have a naval intelligence department, and half an army instead of none; play at long Atlantic bowls with Uncle Sam and at long asbestos spoons with more doubtful friends; personally inspect her new undertakings, personally greet her old feudal tenantry; throw open her College gates with Titanic liberality to all Saxondom, and welcome the new scholars with Titanic laughter at her own expense and theirs.

Her sense of humour is among her saving graces: when in her foolish or fanatical moods she loses it for a time, she makes strange and dismal errors; talks like a lunatic of Christmas at Pretoria with infantry preferred, of methods of barbarism and hecatombs of slaughtered babes, of fighting irreligion in Board Schools and refusing to pay County Council rates. There was a solemn moment when she came near to babbling of the Americanisation of Oxford and the sacrifice of that English culture which . . . but somebody laughed in time

(probably Mr. Godley), the danger passed, and when Mr. Parkin sailed down the High with a cargo which was rumoured to include bullion, even those who are but children in matters of business were ready to help him in unloading. As for the real Oxonians, than whom none know better the difference between clique and culture, fellowships and pensions, they remembered Erasmus in Praise of Corpus, the merry days of the New Learning and of international courtesy, and they prepared with exhilaration for the contest of wits implied in the coming of Downy Verdant Green.

It is a fact full of happy significance that the first account¹ we possess—it is indeed a very early account—of the adventures of a Rhodes Scholar at Oxford, is from the pen of an Oxonian whose Englishry is less than half a century old. We have always been the gainers by free trade in brains; and not least when we naturalised, a generation ago, the great Spanish name of Calderon. Not only has English culture survived this importation but a danger of the opposite kind has arisen. Mr. George Calderon has inherited a share not only of the wit of the famous dramatist, but of the artistic power of a nearer ancestor, and has joined in a conspiracy with the Kiplings, the Somervilles and other persons of ambidexterous gifts, to raise the standard of authorship to a height beyond the reach of ordinary genius. They not only illustrate their own books—Thackeray did that—but they illustrate them better than any one else could do. At this rate the Academy of Literature will be soon uniting with the institution in Burlington House to confer a degree of “Magister Utriusque Artis,” and Publishers’ Unions will be asked to pass resolutions “That candidates shall not be required to offer both manuscript and drawings in their applications for serial or book publication.”

With Mr. Calderon’s help then, the Titan is hugely enjoying the prospect of the Expansion of Oxford, and there is good sense, as well as good humour, in her anticipations. She

¹ “The Adventures of Downy V. Green, Rhodes Scholar at Oxford,” by George Calderon. Smith Elder. 1902.

makes a fine figure in the ingenious frontispiece, where she sits at the receipt of nations, with the trident and shield of Britannia and the academic gown and mortar-board; and above her head is the motto, *Qui docet discit*. The hopeful view could not be more tersely or more gracefully expressed; and no doubt our oldest University will learn much from the young "rustlers" coming across "the big drink"; something more than a quick-firing vocabulary and the "manners of the extremely early gods." And first and best of the things she will be taught will probably be a keener love of learning and especially of classical learning.

She may be taught this either by competition or by contradiction. Mr. Calderon lays more stress upon the second method, and we faintly hope that he may be right. Downy V. Green enters Oxford as one who has already pretty nigh exhausted the Greek and Latin literatures: it appears, however, that he has read only two books of Homer, knows no Herodotus, Æschylus, Aristotle or Plato, and has never read any Latin authors but Ovid and Cæsar. What is more to the point still is that his view of education is apparently that of his countrywoman Mrs. Sarah Chadband Cheney: "No, sir! Turnin' out pore imitations of the trash (*i.e.*, the "Odyssey"!) that some coloured folk down South scribbled on sheepskin two thousand years ago is not civalisation. . . . If you want to see civalisation, go to America. Look at our overhead railways, steam-heat, and hydraulic ullavators in the poorest quarters! Look at our Trusts; our Beef Trust, our Boot Trust, our Steel Trust, our Shippin' Trust!" His Dean, he thinks, is "a good fellow though unsound on the Greek question; says you can't make scholars out of shorthand and modern languages; allows the students need something harder to grit their teeth on; and barneys about 'completed civilisations,' 'the purely human standpoint,' and other groceries. - *But*," Downy concludes, "*he has a clear head otherwise, and I am giving Greek another chance.*"

We too, at this rate, shall soon be giving Greek another

chance. It has too long with us been merely "the hall-mark of a gentleman," or, worse still, the track of the sheep through the hedge, on the other side of which they stand huddled together, bleating helplessly at the open country before them. We have in short come near to making Greek of none effect by our tradition. But under the wholesome stimulus of American contradiction—if it is to contradict that they are coming—we shall experience a revival of faith, we shall realise that man does not rise by ullavators alone. Greek is not a hall-mark, but it is a refining process; as a sheep track it is not so very much better than others, but for all nobler brutes than sheep it is indeed a way out, a way through the hedge. Whether or not every kind of Animal in the whole Noah's Ark is to start life on this particular path seems to us a question of small importance; the vital point is that those within whose reach the classics lie should understand with a full understanding what it is that they must choose or reject.

They are heretics who speak of Greek and Latin as alternatives: Night and Day are not more necessary complements of each other. Latin is the language of religion, Greek of philosophy. If without Greek we should never have emerged from the Middle Ages, without Latin we should never have lived through them. Greek may murmur of the ἀνέριθμον γέλασμα, of "youth and bloom and this delightful world"; it will always be in Latin that man will groan his *Durge de Profundis* and hear the answer *Requiem eternam*.

And there is a special reason for each of them why it must be retained as a whetstone—what Downy calls "a sharpenin' rock"—for the minds of Englishmen. The most "practical" advantage gained by using the classical languages as a means of education is that they are the best known gymnastic process for the intellect, the surest method of attaining power, as distinguished from immediate results. It is the method of high farming, and the unprogressive rustic who grudges spending his money on "bone dust" will soon find himself left hopelessly behind. The German is beating us

because he puts more "stuff" into the mind he cultivates ; not because he sows more seed—that can easily be overdone. There is some doubt among the experts as to whether Latin or Greek is the better "top-dressing" for the intellect ; we cannot but think that from this point of view Latin has a decided advantage. The mere fact that it is the basis of the languages of modern Europe, the master-key to nearly all of them, makes it indispensable ; this and its influence on style are considerations of such weight that we need not stay to pile a dozen lesser ones upon the scale.

But if Latin is the world's greatest language, Greek is its greatest literature, and is in a peculiar degree the special need of Englishmen. Whether as art or as philosophy, we must have it to complete and correct our own temperament. We need not play with foolish hopes of putting back the clock, of living to see a second dawn, a second breed of young Greeks "seizing one world where we balance two," but we must recognise that in that balance between Israel and Hellas we incline by nature far too much towards Israel. We have never thought of ourselves as Gentiles, but we cannot deny that we are born *βάρβαροι*. Puritanism—the fierce spirit of militant intolerance, militant other-worldliness, militant distrust of beauty—is the strongest part of our Saxon inheritance, and the Hebrew Bible, which in our inspired version might by itself form a liberal education for a less kindred race, is for us, as it has been to the Boers, too often a positive hindrance to culture and even to Christianity itself.

No, there is no substitute; Greek we must have, if it be but in "the blackguard travesty of a translation." And whether the Rhodes Scholars come like the overseas migrants of an earlier Renaissance, laden with fresh stores of learning and intellectual passion, or rather with that bold challenge which goes even straighter to the heart of the Englishman, they may be sure that they will be "right joyfully met with"; and we on our part shall secretly hope to see them take as good as they give.

ON THE LINE

THE writer of parodies must be equipped after a peculiar fashion of his own. He is an actor who must never compose a play. He dances on a tight rope, the abyss below him if he should swerve by an inch. *Not too much*—the motto of every man on occasion—must be his for ever and ever. He is bound to be original, but not too original. He must possess the gift of style, or he will not be able to copy style; his sense of it must be a handmaid, not a queen, for if she lead him astray by so much as the length of a bad pun, he will annoy and bore. He must have faultless taste, and not a grain of sentiment; and he must be able, every other moment, to solve that hardest problem of all—when to stop. He should admire, for without sympathy his art will degenerate into foolish caricature. He must be critical to the last extent, or he cannot avail himself of the joints in his victim's armour. It is, no doubt, a remark that must have been made, at one time or another, by an Irishman, but there are some kinds of fighting that can only come off between friends; and the writer of parodies must be the friend of the writer parodied. Parody that is born of mere malice dies in an hour. Gilbert, the Parody King, is full of good humour; so was Calverley, so was Lewis Carroll, so was Praed. And so is Mr. Owen Seaman, the *rara avis* who has lately decked himself with *Borrowed Plumes* (Constable, 3s. 6d. net), to the delight of his many admirers.

But—and this is an important point—if the writer of such a book is under laws that he may not break, the reader of it is under a law likewise. The beginning of the law for the reader

is: that he should never read the book through. Let him be wise. Let him be warned ere he ruin his own pleasure. Salt is good, but no one eats the contents of a salt-cellar straight off. Two grains twice a day, and not more! The law goes on to say that times and seasons also must be observed. This is not a book to be read in the serious hours of early dawn, for humour never gets up with the lark, and even the most humorous are sometimes melancholy as Jacques until the sun be past his meridian splendour. It is not a book to read at a mothers' meeting; mothers prefer "Crumbs for the Birds." It is not a book for a wedding present, nor for the train, nor for the sea-shore, within sound of the eternal waves, nor for Sunday. It is a book for dainty boudoirs, a book to rest on polished wood, gleaming with bright reflections, a book to travel quickly from hand to hand in places that know the smell of tobacco smoke. Let it lie on the drawing-room table, and the hostess, in the dreadful moments that elapse before the clock strikes eight, will forget that twenty icebergs are coming to dinner and she must thaw them all. Keep it within easy reach of the man in a velvet coat with a pipe in his mouth, and he will need no other company. Laugh over it with this friend and with that. Quote it to some one who answers by quoting it again. And it will make this merry life yet merrier.

We have remarked, upon an earlier page, that the country after a period of anxiety and depression, is once more awakening to a sense of the joys of humour. For the last two years they have been forgotten, and this no doubt accounts for the fact that *The Wallet of Kai Lung* (Grant Richards. 6s.), though it bears the date 1900 upon its title-page, is not yet so widely known as it deserves to be. We make no excuse whatever for bringing it out afresh from the cupboard where it has been hanging, and setting it forward, so far as we can, on its journey again; for it is a wallet crammed with laughter and good things. You may tramp a long day's tramp through the Republic of

Letters without meeting a pedlar like Kai Lung, sitting on his mat under the mulberry-tree and pouring forth (after he has passed round the wooden bowl) a string of entirely new stories in an entirely new style. As for the stories, we are probably wrong: no stories are, or can be, new; and Mr. Lang could no doubt quote parallels to these from the legends of Peruvian tribes and the archives of Antananarivo; but the style, though it may be compounded of the most primeval Chinese pigments, becomes in English and in the hands of Mr. Bramah as fresh as that of Artemus Ward once was, and a hundred times more truly humorous.

"The Transmutation of Ling" is the longest and perhaps the best of these stories. Ling's examination for a place in the Chinese Civil (and Military) Service ends in his appointment to the command of a valiant and bloodthirsty band of archers in a distant province, for which he sets out on foot. Only a blue china plate of the best kind could illustrate the adventures which follow. As he makes his way through a dark cypress wood he beholds "a young and elegant maiden of incomparable beauty being carried away by two persons of most repulsive and undignified appearance, whose dress and manner clearly betrayed them to be rebels of the lowest and worst paid type." Ling, though a meek student, "at this sight became possessed of feelings of a savage yet agreeable order, which until that time he had not conjectured to have any place within his mind." It is easy to foresee the end; eighty pages further on

As the great sky-lantern rose above the trees and the time of no-noise fell upon the woods, a flower laden pleasure junk moved away from its restraining cords, and without any sense of motion, gently bore Ling and Mian between the sweet-smelling banks of the Heng-Kiang.

They have in fact reached "that period of existence when a tranquil and contemplative future is assured to them," and, indeed, it is only fair that it should be, for except in the countries explored by Mr. W. S. Gilbert no pair of true lovers ever experienced such a series of "short sharp shocks" as these two. But humorous and unexpected as the events of these

stories are, the secret of the book lies in the method of the story telling, the far Eastern politeness, the attitudes and platitudes of the rice-paper personages, and the Celestial parody of our own customs and institutions; for publishers and authors, artists, traders, company promoters, and Government officials will here find the Chinese mirror held up to them in a very candid and moving manner. They need not complain of the distortion, for in caricature it is the distortion that saves the victim's face.

Just So Stories for Little Children. By Rudyard Kipling. Illustrated by the Author. (Macmillan. 6s.)—It was a child, and it sat by the bars of the high nursery fender, with a flat red book in its hand. It was fond of looking at the fire, but it forgot the fire. It was afraid of shadows, but it forgot the shadows. The room was full of strange animals—out of the Zoo some of them, out of Noah's Ark some of them, and some of them out of Nowhere. The Butterfly was nearly as big as the Camel, and the Mouse had an odd likeness to the Leopard, but this troubled the child not at all. It liked them even better than the animals in the book, though it was fond of these by daylight, except for a misgiving which came upon it now and then, that, for all their appearance of Magic, they were like the maps in the atlas and "meant something." The suspicion recurred in full force whenever it looked at the boxes in the picture of the Animal that "was really quite a nice Animal." But for the rest it was perfectly happy. It loved the tune to which the stories sang themselves, a tune with many a refrain. The way the words fell charmed its ear. When it heard them, it dis-remembered the lessons that it had to learn and all the troubles that lay outside the nursery door. There were but two things that it feared—bed-time and the end of the book.

Now this was a very curious child indeed, for sometimes it was a boy and sometimes it was a girl, and sometimes it was very old and sometimes very young, and sometimes it had long

curls and sometimes its hair was white, and it was not always a child of the same nationality. But always, in whatever form it sat by the fire, reading, reading, reading, it was a child, with a child's heart.

He read the story of the Whale seven times over, and the story of the Camel and his Hump seven times over, and nine times over the story of "The Crab that Played with the Sea," and the tale of The Armadilloes. What he liked best was "The Cat that Walked by Himself," because it had a Wild Horse in it and a Wild Dog, and because it was about the beginnings of things. He would have liked to live with the Man and the Woman, the First Friend and the First Servant, and "the little upside-down Bat that hung in the mouth of the Cave." He read everything that he could about these creatures fifteen times over at least. What she liked best was "The Butterfly that Stamped," because of the babies and the Queens. She read it fifteen times and a half. She did not care for the Rhinoceros, nor for "The Elephant's Child" (but *he* liked this very much), nor for "The Sing-Song of Old Man Kangaroo;" and he did not care at all "How the First Letter was written." She thought—and he thought—that the beautiful puzzle picture was by far the best part of the Leopard story. He thought—and she thought—that the Alphabet story was dull. It was tremendously clever, of course, and Taffy talked like the child in "The Child's Guide." But where was Taffy beside the Woman that gave Cat "the warm white milk for always and always and always," and the nine hundred and ninety-nine Queens who "put their veils over their heads, and their hands over their mouths, and tiptoed back to the Palace most mousy-quiet?"

The behold, and lo, a Nurse came in, and when she saw what the child was reading, she said, "Nonsense!" She changed in appearance almost as often as the child; and as the child was always a child, so, however often she changed, she was always thick, old, wrinkled, hairless and toothless. She wore a cap, it is true—a black cap as often as not—and she had

false teeth; but no child would ever have been deceived by them. The child took not the slightest heed of what she said. For, after all, she never could understand; and it was her loss, not the child's.

"In these times words are actions, and we do not want flowers on the points of bayonets. Take your flowers away if you can; take a less beautiful form more abrupt, more striking, drier, less worthy of an artist, more worthy of a pamphleteer. Succeed you must; it will be my only consolation for your resolution. Instead of the silence you refuse me, give me victory."

It is not strange that these words should have been written to a young man, but it is strange that a young man should have written them. Hamlet and Horatio at Wittenberg never corresponded in such an austere fashion as did Hippolyte Taine with Prévost-Paradol. The *Letters* now before us in a good English translation (by Mrs. R. L. Devonshire. Constable. 7s. 6d. net) are clear and striking evidence of the remote purity of mind natural in early youth to men of good education and philosophical temperament. It is the atmosphere of a white-washed schoolroom at the top of a very tall house, on the top of a very high hill. What is it that these young men care about? Philosophy, first of all. Prévost-Paradol believed in a Fluid, which annoyed Taine, because he himself believed in "the extended *ego*. . . ." Style next, as the foregoing quotation will have shown; and another, still more remarkable, from a letter written when Prévost-Paradol had lost an intimate friend, proves the same thing.

"What is to be done for such grief? If you continue I shall find another Rousseau in you, his talent, his passions, perhaps, and especially his sorrows."

After philosophy and style came music; and there was nothing else. Prévost-Paradol insisted on taking thought for politics, and was addicted to Socialism; but this exasperated Taine even more than the Fluid.

"Since you have decided to be printed alive, and do not answer my objections, I look upon you as fallen into final impenitence. Therefore, dear damned one, I accept you as such, and I am going to converse with you as if you had definitively gone to Hell—I mean, to Socialism."

"The extended *ego*" cost its worshipper not a little. It was highly unpopular with the orthodox professors of the old school, and, as orthodox professors of the old school will, they did all in their power to crush the brilliant pupil who was so disastrously clever as to be able to give reasons for what he believed.

"It seems to me that the august Doctor's diploma, cap and gown, flee from my sight, saying, 'Never to return.'"

The spirit in which he bore the dreary provincial exile imposed on him is not less admirable than his unconquered devotion to what he thought was truth. We hear enough of the delights of the solitary cup of coffee, the piano, the book-shelf, to know that he was very dull, so dull that he almost cried for letters. He measured even the sentences of those which he received.

"You are acquiring a deplorable habit of putting your lines six feet apart from each other, and of making each letter as tall as a house; the result is that your epistles are becoming painfully short."

He made epigrams as easily as any other Frenchman, and no doubt the remark that "Education is but a card of invitation to noble and privileged *salons*" consoled him at the time. But those to whom the *salons* of the Past lie open have also, as a rule, a keener sense than others of the possibilities of intercourse at the Club; and perhaps only a man condemned to silence because no one about him can understand his language, knows what the stimulus of talk may be. "A conversation which is an exchange of ideas brightly expressed is perhaps the greatest pleasure to be met with," says poor Taine, at a time when he never did meet with it. He reflects upon his different friendships and analyses them.

"With Prévost and About I am constantly on the alert; friendship is almost militant; with you I feel as if I were sitting in the *Ecole* playground during the summer, peaceful and happy, with my head on your breast, do you remember?"

"Solitude increases friendship. It seems to me that I now think of you with a tenderer recollection. Why does Planat forget me thus? Ideas are abstract; we can only reach them by an effort. However beautiful they may be, they are not enough for the heart of man. We can no longer have any Love properly so called. Only Friendship from man to man remains; nothing teaches me

more than to read of the friendships of the ancients. Marcus Aurelius is my catechism ; read it over again. You will find ourselves in it."

In the stern society of Marcus Aurelius he reduced himself to himself, until he felt ambitious only once a fortnight. He read no papers for six months, and never spoke of politics nor of religion.

"I am giddy and dazed, like a staghound after chasing one deer for thirty-six hours," he wrote, when he had finished copying out a treatise on "Sensations." "But it is a good system, and I do not think there is a better way of writing anything than by doing so straight off and in one breath, so to speak, after lengthily meditating over it."

Flashes of bright criticism light up even a syllabus, as when he says of the philosophers of the Renaissance :

"They are isolated points, pure curiosities, accidents. They are the dead called forth, and immediately disappearing."

The few words that describe the "population of students and professors" at the Museum of the School of Medicine, show the same judicial attitude of mind :

"Butchers and scientists, what devotion is theirs to Man and what contempt ! On the first day, I, with my spiritualistic education, was absolutely dumbfounded. But I had not a moment of disgust. Those laws, which repeat the same organs, in the same places, in all bodies, are magnificent."

The life of the Man of Thought as opposed to the life of the Man of Feeling or of Action, is indeed a strange business. Love and death play no part in it ; he hardly alludes to them. Religion, in the accepted sense of the word, appears but as a phantom. There are no alarms and excursions, no adventures ; he never schemes to improve any part of the universe, nor does he paint portraits and scenery. "It suffices to seek seriously in order to believe in Truth, and to live within oneself to believe in the spirit," says he. One touching passage reveals the infinite harm that may be done by stupid people :

"The will is not lacking, I do not think I shall ever find it so ; but perhaps a spring is broken in my moral machine—the spring of Hope. I am beginning to see Life as it is, old fellow, and to understand what it costs to introduce oneself into the world or to introduce an idea into it ; I judge of the second by the first ; and my reflections are destroying in me the militant ego. I only

look upon study now as a sort of opium, useful in dressing the wounds of pride killing *ennui* and exhausting the superabundant activity of the brain. I shall take more of the drug than ever, for I want it. I live in a world of sad reflections when I do not live in a world of serious thoughts; I need to gather round me a cloud of abstract ideas to veil from my sight my own smallness and insignificance."

Against stupidity, said a mighty German, the gods themselves fight in vain. But men do not fight always in vain against that awful power; and so Taine learnt in the end.

Criticism of the New Testament. St. Margaret's Lectures 1902. With a Prefatory Note by Canon H. Hensley Henson. (Murray. 6s. net.) We look to Canon Hensley Henson's Prefatory Note for an indication of the line taken by the successive St. Margaret's Lecturers. He tells us that "the condition of sound interpretation of Scripture is honest and thorough criticism"; and that what the Lecturers desire is "to awaken popular interest in Biblical Science, and to set out clearly the broad principles on which that criticism proceeds." "No worse disaster to religion could well be imagined than the divorce of critical scholarship from average belief." This is clear enough: but what is meant by the next sentence? "Criticism must not be allowed to take an esoteric character, but, at all hazards, must be held closely to the current teaching of the Church." Criticism, if it is to be "honest and thorough," cannot be "held closely to" anything but its own methods, and has nothing to do with "current teaching." We presume that what is meant is that critics who approach the question from outside must not be allowed to ignore Christian tradition and ecclesiastical history. Criticism and "the current teaching of the Church" are to throw light on each other, keeping clear of the eccentricities of the Tübingen school, of Renan, Strauss and other dogmatists, which have retarded the growth of a sober estimate of evidences, no less than the desperate efforts of orthodox writers to prove the finality of the old learning.

No fault can be found with the temper of the essays as a whole. The writers wish to state fairly what general con-

clusions are firmly established, and to be cautious in stating as final, conclusions which hold the field at present, but are not to be considered as proved. The tone of defence is unmistakable; for to recede from untenable positions is in many cases the best line of defence. The writers express their desire, in the first place, to look all facts in the face, and in the second, not to make assumptions against the Christian tradition, not "to put a document out of court simply because it contains the miraculous."

They maintain "the priority of St. Mark," and incline, though cautiously, to believe in the existence of "a second primitive document, commonly called the *Logia* or *Oracles*."

The latest view of the dates involved puts back the composition of the books composing the New Testament, or most of them, to an earlier period than that assigned to them by the criticism of fifty years ago. The final redaction of a work, however, may not be of the same date as its materials. This is in harmony with the practice of ancient and mediæval chroniclers, who embodied earlier annals in their own work without acknowledgment. The third Gospel and the Acts are unquestionably by the same hand. It does not necessarily follow either that the writer or editor of the Gospel was a contemporary of the events recorded, or that the complex work made up (it may be) of Acts of Peter, Acts of Paul, and personal Narratives of Journeys, was put together by the author of "the 'we'" passages, who very probably was St. Luke. In any case, both the Gospel and the Acts contain material of very high antiquity.

One of the most interesting results of the latest criticism is the confirmation by external testimony of the early acceptance of four Gospels and no more. In the Johannine question "the simple and natural explanation is the orthodox one; it takes the facts simply as they are."

The "higher" criticism, *i.e.*, the general consideration of all questions of "authorship, date, sources, composition, literary and "historical character," is more subject to controversial heat than the "lower" criticism, because its conclusions are closely

connected with the historical truth of the New Testament record; though, if St. Paul wrote the Epistles, or most of those which bear his name, there is no doubt that the whole scheme of Christian theology was professed in the Church within thirty years of the Crucifixion. The "lower" criticism, that which tries to determine "what the author really wrote," moves in a calmer region; for the time is gone by when it was thought that important doctrinal issues depended on the presence or absence of a single stroke in a single letter of a single manuscript; and newly discovered facts, such as turn up in Egyptian rubbish-heaps, can now be pigeon-holed without raising much theological dust. Theological terms also are not confined within dogmatic definitions so closely as they were a generation ago. Theologians and scholars of different schools hunt in couples instead of flying at each other's throats. Not that *odium theologicum* is extinct; nor is it, perhaps, to be desired that all heat should disappear from controversy. Perfect tolerance is too cool a medium for religious ardour; morality must be "touched by emotion" to become religion; and when men feel warmly they will express themselves warmly.

We welcome the comparative absence of "viewy" argument in this volume. The writers may be too much set on proving early dates and rehabilitating discredited tradition. There is and must be some colour of *tendenz* in a book of this kind. But on the whole the object of the writers is to introduce its public to historical and critical facts, not to air new theories or support old traditions. In this point wvoo if we think the most valuable lectures in the book are those of Mr. Kenyon on Manuscripts and Professor Sanday on the Higher Criticism.

The fifth volume of the complete edition of the *Poetical Works of Robert Bridges* (Smith, Elder. 6s.) contains "great riches in a little room." There may be tragedies which are better suited to limelight than "The Christian Captives,"

and comedies that appeal more to popular taste than "The Humours of the Court." These are pure poetry. They demand an audience of poets—the kind of pit that Marlowe had, or Victor Hugo—the rough student gallery, educated, and full of enthusiasm, that applauded the first efforts of Maeterlinck. It is perhaps for want of such an atmosphere that the great gifts of John Davidson seem to have run to seed. Mr. Bridges must have felt it also; but his nature is more robust, or more independent of praise. He continued to write for a theatre that had no existence, and he did without the cheering.

His treatment of the beautiful story of the Constant Prince differs essentially from Calderon's. Starvation plays a much more important part in the old version. Mr. Bridges tires of starvation after three days, and boldly stabs his hero by the hand of the King of Fez, who flies into a rage on the refusal of the Prince to give up the Christian town of Ceuta, even when bribed with the hand of his true love, the converted Princess Almeh. It is odd that the King should not insist more on the danger of the Princess, who has touched no food since the starvation of the Prince began. The extreme trial of constancy is, to give up, not one's own life alone, but the life of the one beloved. If a highly wrought picture of her sufferings had been drawn for him, he—well, he would not have yielded, of course, but the struggle might have proved, from a human point of view, even more intense! However that may be, the scene is, as it stands, wonderful. Ferdinand has a speech at the beginning to set beside "For ever and for ever, farewell, Cassius!" The King warns him not to trust that he will be delivered by his brother, Enrique of Portugal:

"Nay, O king:

For cometh he at even or at morn,

To-morrow or to-day, he cometh late.

My eyes and morns are passed, and my deliverance

Is nearer than his coming: yet for that,

Tho' I shall see him not when he doth come,

Not the less will he come; for so he saith."

The King makes a swift end.

"The parting genius is with sighing sent."

The scene of the apparition recalls the ghostly echo in "The Duchess of Malfy"; and every one who had the good fortune to witness "L'Aiglon" will remember how exquisite a similar device became in the hands of M. Rostand. This Act ends with a romantic vision of the gallant spirit, riding away to the camp of the Christians.

The Act that follows excels in perfect beauty. What could be lovelier than the speech of Almeh when she appears in the garden?

"Air, air! that from the thousand frozen founts
Of heaven art rained upon the drowsy earth,
And gathering keenness from the diamond ways
Of faery moonbeams visitest our world
To make renewal of its jaded life,
Breathe, breathe! 'Tis drunken with the stolen scents
Of sleeping pinks: heavy with kisses snatched
From roses, that in crowds of softest snow
Dream of the moon upon their blanchèd bowers.
I drink, I drink."

Her very being echoes to the music of grace and pity; she is herself a flower among the flowers. When, earlier in the play, she questions Ferdinand,

"How, being a Christian, thou professest arms?
Why hast thou come against us, with no plea
Save thy religion, and that happy gospel
Thou hast trampled on in coming, Peace on earth?"

We cannot wonder that he replies very much as the Czar might reply, if he were in a like predicament. Conscience stood in his way from the first, it appears; ambition and zeal blinded him, and the heavenly omens were against him, though now in honour he cannot turn back. This is strange news in 1420, and on the lips of a grandchild of John of Gaunt. His brother, Enrique, repeats the lesson and drives it home in the last speech of the play:

"For myself, I vow
Ne'er to draw sword again. I count all days

That ever I spent in arms lost to my life,
 Man's foe is ignorance : and the true soldier
 May sit at home, and in retirement win
 Kingdoms of knowledge ; or to travel forth
 And make discovery of earth's bounds, and learn
 What nations of his fellows God hath set
 In various countries ; and by what safe roads
 They may knit peaceful commerce,—this is well,
 And this hath been my choice."

We are reminded of the magnificent, unexpected close of
 "The Voyage of Maeldune." There are many roads to peace ;
 but the way that leads through war is one of the finest, and a
 very meet subject for tragedy.

Almeh's vision of the Last Day glows with sublime fire :

"For in my dream I saw the spirits of men
 Stand to be judged : along the extended line
 Of their vast crowd in heaven, that like the sea
 Swayed in uncertain sheen upon the bounds
 Of its immensity, nor yet for that
 Trespassed too far upon the airy shores,
 I gazed. The unclouded plain, whereon we stood,
 Had no distinction from the air above,
 Yet lacked not foothold to that host of spirits,
 In all things like to men, save for the brightness
 Of incorruptible life, which they gave forth.
 Wondering at this I saw another marvel :
 They were not clothed nor naked, but o'er each
 A veil of quality or colour thrown
 Shewed and distinguished them, with bickering glance
 And gemlike fires, brighter or undiscerned.
 As when the sun strikes on a sheet of foam
 The whole is radiant, but the myriad globes
 Are red or green or blue, with rainbow light
 Caught in the gauzy texture of their coats,—
 So differed they. Then, as I gazed, and saw
 The host before me was of men, and I
 In a like crowd of women stood apart,
 The judgment, which had tarried in my thought,
 Began : from out the opposed line of men
 Hundreds came singly to the open field
 To take their sentence. There, as each stepped forth,

An angel met him, and from out our band
 Beckoned a woman spirit, in whose joy
 Or gloom his fate was written. Nought was spoken,
 And they who from our squadron went to judge
 Seemed, as the beckoning angel, passionless.
 Woman and man, 'twas plain to all that saw
 Which way the judgment went: if they were blessed,
 A smile of glory from the air around them
 Gathered upon their robes, and music sounded
 To guide them forward: but to some it happed
 That darkness settled on them."

Space and time are wanting to discuss the charm of the Twelfth Night comedy that follows next in order. When the Duke of Milan heads the list of *Dramatis personæ*, and the scene is laid "at Belflor, the residence of Diana," Countess of Belflor, we know something of the joy that lies before us.

"Here all is peace:

The still fresh air of this October morning,
 With its resigning odours; the rich hues
 Wherein the gay leaves revel to their fall;
 The deep blue sky; the misty distances,
 And splashing fountains; and I thought I heard
 A magic service of meandering music
 Threading the glades and stealing on the lawns."

This is music indeed. Now for one of those ethereal songs, woven of light, that never can be sung, because there are no tunes in the world that are worthy to marry them:

"Fire of heaven, whose starry arrow
 Pierces the veil of timeless night:
 Molten spheres, whose tempests narrow
 Their floods to a beam of gentle light,
 To charm with a moonray quenched from fire
 The land of delight, the land of desire."

Alas, that there should not be room for a hundred other quotations!

"Bring ye these lovers in.

Let there be no more speech."

THE FRENCH PRELATES ON THE POLITICO-RELIGIOUS CRISIS

IN France, during the greater part of August and September, I was able, in quite diverse districts of the country, and among acquaintances of diametrically opposed political tenets, to calculate to what degree the present conflict between the Government and the congregations monopolised public interest, even at a time of Parliamentary and general holiday.

It seemed then that it would be of interest to consult, on the question of the deeper springs, of the internal aspects, and the prospects both immediate and remote, of the crisis, the most enlightened party in the Church of France in the persons of its best known representatives. With this view I forwarded a list of six questions separately to several Cardinals, bishops, and other members of the higher clergy. Their replies, I hoped, would be a brief statement of their plain and simple ideas on the capital points at issue. Some excused themselves, but the majority replied to me with a frankness and a fulness of detail exceeding my most sanguine hopes.

From the very first I had noted flagrant contradiction between the sympathy enlisted by the persecuted bodies from the great majority of the people and the physical apathy of these same people in the face of hostile action. The explanation of this want of external effort is to be found at once in "the general weakening of the religious conscience," which the Archbishop of Albi, Mgr. Mignot, deplores in

measured and weighty language. The lamentations of the minor clergy have served to strengthen this opinion. Indeed, apart from the clergy, in France of to-day the people are Catholic for every reason except the all-sufficient one of sincere belief carried into practice. There is no enthusiasm in their profession of faith, which is the result of tradition or atavism. Political ambition may be the inducement to some, and in such cases a pretence of enthusiasm may be detected. Unprejudiced minds, with a leaning to the abstract, are yet to be found attracted by the moral and social mission of works. There are still writers and artists who allow themselves to be dazzled by the mystical and historical treasures of Catholicism, and keep it like a precious vessel, under guard in a library, a museum, or a salon of twentieth century *précieuses*. But to all these religion is merely a matter of interest, fancy, or taste. We look in vain among them for the stuff of which martyrs are made.

The Ministerial policy finds opponents among the anti-Clericals also, and they in numbers as in influence form an imposing body. Some of them are on principle respectful of faith. Others there are whose principles are not so lofty, and who disregard the *doctrines de haine* for more practical considerations. The uncemented character of the alliance between these different elements is thrown into strong relief by the penetrating criticism of my correspondents in their replies to my first question :

(I.) "Is the present agitation in favour of the congregations the result of a slow evolution, a progressive return to Catholicism, of which the present revival of religious feeling in the intellectual sphere would be the precursor? Or is it the spontaneous and temporary product of external political or social circumstances?" The movement is accurately separated into its constituent elements by the distinguished scholar and theologian, Mgr. Battifol, Lord Rector of the Catholic University of Toulouse. He says :

"The present agitation in favour of the congregations is among the people at large a sentimental movement, while on the part of enlightened men it is a

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movement towards liberty. It is a spontaneous outburst totally independent of the suggested slow reversion to Catholicism heralded in the sphere of intellect. It is more correct to say that the further we go the more the French interest themselves in politics. The Radical party has exhausted our patience, and the result is that the opposition centres round the two principles of Catholicism and Liberalism."

Archbishop Mignot dwells more particularly on the sentimental side of the popular awakening :

"The present agitation in favour of the congregations should not be considered the result of a gradual return towards Catholicism. It is a genuine movement, but neither so old nor so general as to have reached the masses of the people among whom resistance is engendered. No more is it the spontaneous and temporary product of external circumstances. . . . Rather we should look on it as a natural reaction due to the profound attachment to Christianity still preserved by the French people, in spite of apparent indifference. Rather it is the expression of a general recognition of the services of the charitable and teaching congregations. In short, it is an awakening of the traditional conscience, still quick and active among a large part of the nation."

To emphasise this I may insert in this place the appeal to common sense made by Canon Gayraud, Deputy of Finistère, whose name has of late been prominently associated with the resistance in Brittany ;

"The voice of the people is the voice of common sense. Why not let people live in their own way when they do no harm to any one ? Why substitute for the gratuitous services of the Brothers and Sisters, paid assistance which would not be better and would be a considerable burden to the ratepayers ?"

More characteristic still is the scepticism of Mgr. Lacroix,¹ Bishop of Tarentaise (Savoy). He is a prominent educationist and clerical reformer, but his incisive remarks show him to be a man of the world besides :

"The present agitation in favour of the congregations does not by any means imply a return to Catholicism. Had the Government attacked the

¹ One of the few bishops who refused to sign the recent petition to the *Chambre*.

male congregations alone, probably no one would have lifted a finger. But the employment of vexatious and brutal measures against perfectly inoffensive sisters of charity, most of whom were acting in all good faith, has outraged national feeling and that touch of chivalrous courtesy which is the essence of the French temperament (*cette pointe d'esprit chevaleresque qui fait le fond de l'âme Française*)."

In opposition to the prelates above mentioned who see in the pretty general sympathy expressed for the exiles only influences that touch but remotely the living faith, the Bishop of Quimper and Léon declares that :

"The present agitation in favour of the congregations has its root in the Christian feeling of our people. . . . The other causes which you suggest are but accessory. They have aided the movement, but did not start it."

In the same strain writes the Abbé Garnier, the influential missionary and editor of that advanced organ, *La Justice du Peuple*: "Throughout the last fifty years a really religious revival took place in France." An assertion based on the statistics of crowded congresses and meetings. He proceeds :

"These assemblies were the fruit of many individual efforts made in broad daylight, with no object but to carry into practice the principles of the Apostles, and to do good to one's neighbour under whatever rules. The most effectual of the means employed would seem to have been the spreading of the Gospel, its reading in the family, and sundry other methods of popular religious instruction."

Whilst I cordially appreciate this generous attempt to evangelise the masses, I am bound to remark that the results, due no doubt to the vigorous "whipping-in" of all available forces, including the lame the halt and the maimed, have been purely local. The reference of Mgr. Viry (Quimper) is evidently to his Breton flocks, who still preserve the antique virtues of heroic times.

The venerable Archbishop of Reims, Cardinal Langénieux, who apologised for his inability to reply *directly* to my questions, owing to pressure of work and an impending journey, was kind enough to send me cuttings from three recent sermons and speeches more or less connected with my purpose. His Eminence believes in the approach of a liberal regeneration of the people :

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"The people are not sectarian. They love liberty, they desire it in all sincerity. Use this as your watchword and they will give you anything. It has been the cause of revolutions, and will be so again in the near future, when the need arises to crush apparent injustice or oppression."

Optimism, but optimism singularly qualified by the admission which follows :

"Unfortunately the people are delivered over bound to leaders who use them for their own purposes. By the people's aid they rise to power, but only to abuse the people's trust, and thus the people, deceived by their leaders, come to destroy with their own hands the very liberties they sought to defend."

Very significant, too, with regard to the confiscation by the law of the property of the congregations are these remarks :

"The people are logical and follow all these events with a very attentive eye, and they cannot be brought to understand that the property of individual persons is more sacred than the property of religious bodies. Mistaken indeed would be the hope to put the grasping covetousness of Socialism off the scent by dangling before its eyes the supposed wealth of the congregations."

However this may be, and whatever its constituent parts, it cannot be denied that Catholicism is at the moment the gainer by an imposing sympathetic movement. Can it turn it to its own advantage? Certainly it can; but, as Mgr. Lacroix insists, "only on condition that the retrogressive parties do not misdirect the movement." And that, I may add, is precisely what they have never failed to do for a quarter of a century, and my correspondents are the first to admit it. On this point some evasions were to be expected in the replies to the second question, which was thus framed: II. "Estimate the importance and influence of the political element from the religious point of view. Do you consider the alliance, deliberate or unconscious, between the French clergy and the political opposition, actually an evil, but one indispensable to clerical independence of the Government?" Very significantly none of the prelates who were addressed sought to evade the delicate question. Almost with one consent they censured the political

maladroitness of that Clerical party, apparently the vast majority, which back in 1882 provoked a cry of alarm from the famous Dominican, Father Didon, in a letter published last spring. He wrote :

"There is nothing but greedy personal interests, nothing but mediocre free-thinkers who would make France into a Masonic lodge, or half-enlightened believers, whose only thought is to establish a France of ancient days. It is a speedy return to cannibalism."

We cannot but admire this Order of St. Dominic, which, during the last century, has so nobly redeemed the shame of the Inquisition by proving itself the pioneer of progress and peace. Its generous efforts, however, if they have succeeded in winning the higher clergy—some of whom are sincere Republicans, as we shall see, while others have definitely abandoned all idea of a return to the dead order of things—have unfortunately failed to gain a hold either on the more enterprising congregations or on the country vicars and curates, who, though often Republican at heart, are, from their precarious position, at the mercy financially of monarchical squires and patrons.

Once more it is Mgr. Lacroix who most trenchantly condemns the compromise :

"The constant and fatal alliance of the great majority of the clergy with the political opposition is perhaps the capital fault of our religious position. As a matter of fact no one has understood or has desired to understand the directions of the Holy Father. To comply with these directions, it has been thought sufficient to say, 'I am on the side of the Republic.' But in practice the clergy have continued systematically to fight against the Members and the acts of the Government without any show of justice, just as if the Pope had never spoken."

The Archbishop of Albi and the Bishop of Quimper express themselves to the same effect, if somewhat less severely. The former writes :

"The Church of France is between two parties, one of which would destroy, and the other compromise her. The alliance of the clergy with the Opposition serves as a pretext for the annoyances to which they are subjected."

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The latter thinks that :

"the more the Catholic cause in the present crisis is separated from all political parties, the better for it."

All, however, seem to endorse Mgr. Mignot's reservation—"we must, however, recognise that the trend of political power fosters the alliance and makes it almost fatal." Of this acute stage Canon Gayraud traces with a master hand the historical development, adding all the force of a warm profession of Republican principles :

"It seems to me impossible, especially in France, entirely to separate religion and politics. There is to-day a struggle going on between the party who would organise society without religion and those who claim a place for religion in society. In this great conflict there have been different phases. The State has been represented as anti-Christian when it is anti-monarchical. Hence an alliance between the clergy and the parties in opposition which posed sometimes, *in spite of their past*, as defenders of religion and Catholicism. At the present moment the Monarchists on the one hand, and the Radicals with the Socialists on the other, are again endeavouring to keep alive in the mind of the public the fatal confusion of the Republic and anti-Christianity. The Papal watchword of 'Rally' failed to banish the misunderstanding. . . . The anti-Clerical policy of the Republican party has been a grave mistake. If the statesmen of this party, instead of treating the clergy as irreconcilably hostile, had wisely set themselves to prove to them that the Republic was a constitution more liberal towards religion than any form of Monarchy whatever, *no difficult task*, peace would have been signed and sealed between Church and State in France long ago. Nothing more would have been required but to settle with Rome the various questions which the Concordat left open."

I regret that this logical Abbé could not treat in detail his last suggestion. It would no doubt provide us with that *terrain d'entente*, so strongly demanded by the Bishop of Tarentaise, without which, he declares, Catholic interests in France will be irremediably compromised. But after this luminous and profound dissection, it will be understood that I attach but little importance to the reassuring evidence of the Abbé Garnier, who seems to believe that all is for the best in the best of all possible Frances and Republics, and that the Masonic party is already moribund from the effects of a Con-

stitutional and Liberal revolution. The same would apply to Mgr. de Cabrières, of Montpellier, who alone fails to perceive any symptoms of an active co-operation :

" And first, is such an alliance as you suggest extant between our clergy and the opposition parties ? You have certainly heard of the rallying policy, which our bishops, priests, and churchmen were advised to adopt by the Pope himself, and which the majority did practically adopt. That was an alliance of a kind. But the Government, having obtained this advantage, pursued nevertheless its anti-religious policy. Against the latter Catholic feeling is bound to protest, not assuredly through any inimical bearing towards Republican institutions, but by conscience and by duty. It is indubitable, however, that thousands of Catholics are daily estranged from the present Republic owing to the sectarian guiding-spirit of the Government. But here we have a consequence, and by no means a cause."

At the same time, Mgr. de Cabrières, a member of the aristocratic minority of the French episcopate, freely acknowledges his indebtedness to the political " traditions " of his country, an influence which asserts itself in this peremptory pronouncement:

" The motto of ' Throne and Altar ' has been recently much abused. The alliance of our Church with faithless men would be far more difficult to explain, creating as it doubtless would a monstrous scandal and endless woes."

It is better to halt at the interesting programme elaborated by the Lord Rector of Toulouse, who in a way combines the question I have just examined with that which follows.

(III.) " On what points and on what bases do you think that French Catholicism should concentrate its resistance to the encroachments of the Masonic party ? " Mgr. Battifol is bitter in his description of the political bankruptcy of the clergy of France :

" As a matter of fact, being without political education, they unite the violence of the Radicals of the Right to the fancies of the Christian Democrats, the *doctrines de haine* to the socialism of the seminary ! "

On the subject of the independence and the influence of clerical opinion, he is keenly sarcastic :

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"The French clergy inveigh against the Government as a whole, but are particular to pay respect to each administration."

This remark is not inconsistent with the contradiction which was noticed earlier between the words and deeds of the public. But he is on his guard against "the movement whose aim is to organise universal suffrage," and would fain guide it in the paths of wisdom :

"We must see that this political catholicism does not absorb the Radicals of the Right and compromise Liberalism, to which it should be the reserve. We need not envy Belgium or Germany, but should work for the triumph of Liberalism."

This same solution is the aim of the Archbishop of Albi. Still more concisely put, with more moral depth and perhaps a suspicion of melancholy regret for the broken altar of his "buried temple," are his wise and weighty words :

"French Catholics cannot hope to regain power, or to see established a constitution of their own choice. Their best policy is to find a *modus vivendi* which they can accept on a basis of common rights. They must renounce every privilege that public opinion no longer sanctions. They will find solid support in the remnants of the liberal spirit, which is still alive among us. They will be rendering the greatest possible service to their country if they contribute to establish liberty, to make it loved, and teach its use. This achieved, they will have nothing further to wish for, and will be able to work, outside the political arena, for the moral and social regeneration of the nation by the preaching of the gospel, the revival of belief, and the reorganisation of good works."

These last expressions find eloquent endorsement from the Abbé Garnier, whose advice is :

"To instruct the working masses soundly from childhood, and not to be content with putting ideas into their heads, but to make them value and love religion, and to provide for each person the moral weapons necessary for its defence. Above all, the place of the Gospel must be restored in the family, the school, the parish, and society at large."

Equally emphatic is the Bishop of Quimper, who further advocates the full and complete proscription of political and even purely social questions. This is utopian, not extravagant, but utopian in any case. We may hope that France

may be enabled to solve the problems which arise conjointly in the religious and political spheres, but that such problems should vanish is too much to hope for. What, indeed, of the rights and duties of the individual citizen, which have only been increased by republican institutions? To this increase attention has been particularly drawn by so high an authority as Cardinal Perraud, Bishop of Autun and member of the French Academy, in a recent treatise, of which a copy has reached me. His Eminence after showing that

"in a Social Constitution such as ours, the vote constitutes at once a right and a duty for the citizen, a right by exercise of which he forms a very effective part of the collective sovereignty of the nation, and a duty which is laid upon his conscience in the name of the most lofty reasons and the most sacred interests of his country no less than of himself,"

proceeds to lay stress on the powerful but unassuming influence of women, whose rights the male elector must be equally careful to safeguard.

In the view of the Abbé Gayraud, liberty of instruction is the point to maintain to the bitter end. But this is a matter treated of later.

"We must," he thinks, "take from the enemies of the Church the right to nominate bishops and vicars. No sacrifice will be too great in order to free the Church of France from this restriction."

This judicious remark touches one of the capital drawbacks of the Concordat,¹ which, as Mgr. Battifol observes,

"has created a certain ecclesiastical state of mind, which can be described as *Staats Katholik*, a state of mind which accounts for the animosity of a fraction of the faithful towards our clergy of the Concordat."

To cause the disappearance of this tutelage of the Church under

¹ An original agreement between First Consul Bonaparte and Pope Pius VII., signed in 1801, but subsequently enlarged and still in force. It subjects the clergy to the civil power by providing: (a) that the Pope shall confer canonical institution, but the right of episcopal nomination be vested in the Government; (b) that the clergy be paid out of the public funds and at a fixed rate, as a compensation for the landed-property confiscated by the Revolution.

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the civil power, which, according to the Abbé Gayraud, is the obstacle to Catholic liberty, we require the radical suppression of the Concordat. A modification of the literal terms, or even a pleasant settlement of this arrangement which was, and remains apparently, a *pis-aller*, could only be accomplished by the harmonious and active co-operation of Liberals and Catholics of all degrees, and this union of the majority is still in the future. It is evident that the pacification cannot proceed from the obstinacy of the party in power, while a theatrically sudden rupture which the Extreme Left might in the near future be able to force upon a complacent Minister would only hurl the Church of France into a chaotic administration, out of which would little by little be revived the Gallican¹ peril, whereof the *Staats Katholikismus* mentioned above is merely the embryonic form. It is no doubt dread of this peril that guides the Vatican's conservative policy towards the Concordat. But to my genuine surprise, I found in the replies received to the fourth question that I propounded—IV. "Do you think that the suppression of the Concordat would revive the Gallican peril?"—that all my correspondents but one considered the fear vain and groundless.

Canon Gayraud voices in some degree the general negative when he writes :

"Nothing is more opposed to the state of the mind of the French clergy with regard to Rome. My fear would rather be lest the Church of France should become the puppet of the Roman Curia."

This hypothesis might doubtless be justified of a large proportion of the episcopate and the higher clergy, that portion which dispenses political and financial influence, but, if I may rely on the impressions received from my conversations with the lower clergy, it would be impossible to apply it to the mass of the latter, except on one condition, which all admit to be beyond realisation. The condition would be that Rome

¹ The establishment of a national Church, independent of Roman administration and discipline, as unsuccessfully essayed by Louis XIV. and Bossuet in 1682.

should eventually undertake the support of the clergy whose salary would be suppressed by the civil power. In view of the admitted inability of Rome to meet the deficit, the clergy would be forced to have recourse to the charity of individual persons entirely ; if we grant that the enthusiasm of the people did not shrink from such sacrifices, a consummation by no means assured, in any case the old parishes would become a crowd of quasi joint-stock companies, and the prey of private interests which would greatly threaten the possibility of unity, while at the same time the earnestness of a large part of the clergy would undoubtedly cool, for they would owe no material support, even as at present indirectly, to the influence of the Holy See. Mgr. Lacroix foresees this new organisation gather vaguely if without apprehension :

"The connection with the State being broken we should be obliged to form groups and come to an understanding on a variety of points. The Church of France would necessarily possess new life, new originality, but her new physiognomy would be adapted to fidelity to the Holy See."

The Bishop of Quimper is the only writer who follows out my own idea, and he develops it with remarkable lucidity :

"Separation of Church and State cannot at the present moment separate the Church of France from the Holy See ; but should it take place, there would be the fear that side by side with the Ultramontane clergy would be evolved, under the protection of the State, a Gallican clergy—i.e., a schismatic clergy—to whom insensibly the people would drift, either because there were no other priests, or because they had no means of supporting them by themselves."

Suggestive, indeed, is this reflection of Mgr. Viry when we consider the economic crisis in the country, which complicates the religious and social difficulty. In this connection a graphic illustration was afforded us by the depreciation in the congregationist estates confiscated under the Associations law of July 3rd, 1901. It were nevertheless presumption to conclude that the more pushing among the regular orders, those in particular whose narrow and inauspicious policy is largely responsible for the present distress, do not appropriate beyond

all reason and justice the voluntary contributions of the French Catholics. So the country vicar hardly conceals his delight at the departure of such neighbours as these, who almost inevitably rob him of the gifts and legacies of kindly parishioners, when they do not rob him of the parishioners themselves by building a rival chapel in the modern style. Of course, the higher clergy, while regretting the impossibility of enclosing in the episcopal fold these organisations so powerful in brains and money, do not suffer so severely from their encroachments, and even derive some decided advantages from them. No further proof is necessary than the reply from the Archbishop of Albi to my fifth question :

(V.) "Will the suppression of the congregations have any effect on the condition of the secular clergy?" He expresses the practically unanimous view of the bishops :

"The suppression of the congregations, if completed, will be a disaster for the Church of France as a whole. Most disastrous will be the suppression of the female congregations, who are within the episcopal province. The disappearance of the great male congregations will be equally matter for regret. The clergy will miss the assistance rendered them in preaching. Some of these Orders have perhaps been so ill-advised as to develop their own influence outside the secular clergy and to exert a power which was not sufficiently in alignment with the power of the bishops. Hence an apparent antagonism between the two orders of clergy. There may have been in this respect abuses and mistakes, but it would be wrong to believe on that account in the existence of any real opposition."

I quite recognise that the secular clergy are undeniably on a lower intellectual plane than the regular clergy who specialise early and are always busy perfecting each his individual part of the corporate mission. This is a point on which most of my correspondents insist. But on the question of an understanding between the two Orders, I rely on my personal observations and remain sceptical. Besides, if there is a misfortune here, every misfortune has its good side. This is admitted by Mgr. Mignot himself, when he adds to the words already quoted :

"But perhaps the disappointment of the regular clergy will improve recruiting for the secular clergy, will breathe fresh energy into them and bring them to adopt a clearer attitude towards public opinion. It promises to be a great gain that the Church of France should take its orders from itself conformably to the rules of the hierarchy, and that irresponsible influences should cease to dominate its actions."

This view is supported without the qualification by Mgr. Battifol :

"The secular clergy will gain distinguished adherents and more consideration at the hands of the faithful."

Mgr. Lacroix, on the other hand, is singularly pessimistic, though he is alone in expressing no regret at the departure of the regular Orders :

"If the suppression of some congregations could have the effect of awakening in the clergy the taste for higher study, and of familiarising them with the idea of an apostolate more scientific and better adapted to the needs of the present day, clearly the crisis through which we are passing would be the dawn of an era of emancipation for the secular clergy. But will they know how to profit by the inheritance they are called upon to receive ? We shall be able to answer in ten years' time."

I pass to those "indispensable auxiliaries," as the Abbé Gayraud well puts it, of the secular clergy and French society, the charitable and teaching congregations. The more blindly they are persecuted, the more sympathy they win from every unprejudiced mind, and Catholics, Liberals, even disinterested Freethinkers, are unanimous, if on different counts, in warmly protesting in their favour. In the eloquent language of the open letter addressed to the President of the Republic by his Eminence the Archbishop of Rheims :

"It is not only that the people who know and value them are against their expulsion. Very often *those who avow themselves their most determined opponents are the first to entrust them with the education of their own children, and to call them to the assistance of their own sick.*¹ They are being banished, and the

¹ When they do not entrust to confession the moral guidance of their wives !

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destruction of their various charitable and teaching agencies must inevitably entail enormous expense, which will be a burden on taxation at the very moment when the state of our finances points to disquieting deficiencies already. They do nothing but good. Their services are appreciated by the mass of the population, and are of vital importance to the country. The immediate result of the suppression of their working will be widespread ruin and wasteful sacrifice. We are driven then to the conclusion that the sole reason for their proscription is religious envy and hatred. They are persecuted because they personify Religion in themselves, and the desire is to take Christian instruction out of their hands."

Here we touch the kernel of the question. Ever since 1789, in spite of the maxims of public rights relating to the liberty of the conscience, established by the Revolution, to which all the succeeding Governments with one exception declared their allegiance, there was still found in every Government a Minister sufficiently illogical to claim an exclusive State monopoly of education, or in other words the right to form the intelligence of youth in an arbitrary mould; the promise, as he fondly imagined, of docility on the part of the generations to come. These various attempts were always aimed at the Catholic schools, which formed almost the entirety of the free establishments. The present phase of the struggle, and the most illogical of all, since it unites practical despotism to a republican profession of faith, can be traced to the famous secularisation of the primary schools in 1880. At that time, on the plea of impartiality, every shred of religious feeling as well as religious instruction went by the board. There was a flagrant contradiction, as Cardinal Langénieux pointed out to me, and one hardly consonant with the spirit of Democracy. The administrators showed especial regard for the wishes of the leisured classes when they retained religious instruction in the secondary schools with an optional clause. That made them secure of merely nominal resistance on the part of the middle-class Catholic who did not feel personally aggrieved. Generous private initiative continued as before to contribute its share of taxation to support the official instruction, but at the same time furnished the Christian population with countless schools

worked by the Brothers and Sisters. Of these a remarkable proportion has been suppressed by the law of Associations, in spite of the favourable Reports of Government inspectors and the prayers of the municipalities. And now in many districts, poorer parents have no means of finding for their children education combined with instruction in Christianity. The official Administration is not content to remain in the negative state. This would have been sincere and honest neutrality. Instead, the influence of the Masonic lodges has caused the display of aggressive hostility towards every declared religion.

The Government gradually came to adopt an attitude which, naïvely or hypocritically, they declared ought to please all parties. They injected into the primary schools in children's doses (and in what concerns civic duties let us banish the word "rights") the pseudo-philosophic potion which was administered in adult doses to complete on the moral side the secondary curriculum. Pretentious eclecticism forsooth, fancying itself the cream of all the "isms," and in reality nothing but the scum, viewed with a pitying smile by serious thinkers of every party. In this country we are to-day looking, and in vain, for some form of religious instruction to satisfy differing creeds which are yet united by the all-powerful bond of sincere Christianity, creeds possessing a common historical basis of feeling and reform. It is easy for us to imagine what success has attended a similar effort in France to bring together two opposing and incensed parties. The indispensable preliminary would be a true desire for an understanding, and not the wish to subject to sectarian tyranny the conscience of a large proportion of the people. How threatening is this contingency was convincingly shown by the conciliatory and moderate tone in which the majority of my clerical correspondents replied to my sixth and last question.

(VI.) "At the worst, which of the two following proposals do you think the less harmful to the cause of religion? The removal from the school course of all religious instruction

which would thus be relegated to the care of the family and the parish priest, or the introduction of moral instruction, of a neutral kind, so called, based on the principles of official philosophy?" To dispose of it, I quote at once the view which contrasts most strongly with the general moderation of tone. It is a telling shot from the witty quiver of Mgr. Battifol :

"Pseudo-religious instruction based on the principles of official philosophy, M. Buisson's for instance, would be, in my opinion, the best possible dissolvent to destroy the religious feeling in the conscience of a young man or maiden. Better far to erase God and conscience from the official syllabus of instruction and reserve all for the confessional. Besides, the official, when he gives up making converts to secularism and the anti-clerical party, invariably ends by preaching nothing but that grandiloquent word : anti-alcohol !"

Without subscribing unreservedly to the last remark, I cannot wax enthusiastic over the present diversions of the moral offspring of *l'école buissonnière*. The premises of the fiery Bishop of Montpellier contain a large amount of truth, but his conclusion would render necessary a radical reorganisation of the public schools. This, under present circumstances, is a practical impossibility :

"There is no such thing as pseudo-religious instruction. You may be silent on the subject of religion, and that is to attack it indirectly, for it is to treat it as a negligible quantity. Or you may combat it as far as the primary schools of the towns, and in some cases of the country districts even. The instruction here is but in human morality with no foundation, no sanction. It is absolutely imperative to maintain the religious instruction of Christianity in the schools."

Mgr. Douais, Bishop of Beauvais, whose diocese is among the most flourishing from the educational point of view, agrees with Mgr. de Cabrières as to the necessity of maintaining at whatever cost in the schoolroom a standard of religious instruction, while repudiating on the other hand any attempt at Catholic monopoly :

"I champion both liberty and religion in education. Monopoly would produce irretrievable decay. As for adopting neutral ethics, based on official

philosophy, I can hardly conceive such a course. Official philosophy? I fail to see it. Besides, ethics of that kind would not preserve an attitude of neutrality for very long; they are already being used as a weapon against religion, and, admitting that they would preserve such an attitude, I could never approve of the compromise. For it practically implies the teaching that man and the Christian find sufficient resources in their individual powers for the accomplishment of good, and this sounds very much like Pelagianism. But we know perfectly well that God, and He alone, can grant us *velle ac perficere*."

The solution proposed by the Abbé Garnier is, I think, an ideal one, but an ideal impossible to realise at present:

"The most favourable solution is to have schools to suit all tastes, as in Belgium, and to subsidise all the schools according to the number of the pupils. As soon as fifteen heads of families in a parish desire an undenominational school, they must have it. Should a similar number require a Protestant school, they must have it, and so must the same number who want a Catholic school. In this way the children will be brought up in the principles of their fathers. This will be perfect liberty. Pseudo-religious instruction based on official philosophy is the most fruitful source of practical Atheism."

In this final criticism both the Archbishop of Albi and the Bishop of Quimper concur. The former offers what I should be ready to declare at once the most practical and the most exact solution of the difficulty:

"Better assuredly would be sincere undenominationalism, for this is indeed the principle of a democracy—the Government once for all dissociating itself from religious and philosophical instruction, and leaving the care of the conscience to the family and the sectarian ministers."

Mgr. Viry adds the pithy comment:

"Under these conditions pastors and parents find virgin soil; in the other case the land is infested with brier and bramble."

But now come Mgr. Lacroix and Canon Gayraud to throw cold water on our warmest hopes. The Deputy of Finistère assures me that, while he prefers an undenominational programme to one that is formally anti-Christian, religious undenominationalism in the school is a psychological impossibility, in France at least. "Christian or anti-Christian, that is what it practically comes to."

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On the other hand, the Bishop of Tarentaise exhibits once more his alarmist pessimism, this time on the subject of the want of evangelical earnestness among the people as a whole :

"If the moral and religious training of children is left entirely to the family, the public schools will produce hordes of little pagans, for the majority of families will have failed to discharge their educational duties."

True, he suggests a remedy elsewhere attended with success :

"The smoothest way out of the difficulty would be to establish a kind of compromise, by which the priest, filling a position analogous to that of the chaplain at the *lycées*, would go into the schoolroom two or three times a week at the end of the class, and teach the catechism to those children whose parents had asked for his co-operation."

It is notorious that Minister Combes has in view the bold step of a State absorption of secondary education by suppressing entirely the influential colleges of the congregations in Paris and in the Provinces. This suppression has already been effected in part by the law against the Associations. The threatened proposal was embodied in a sensational letter to a mid-September number of *Le Temps* from the semi-official pen of M. Buisson, the already mentioned Director of Elementary Education. According to M. Buisson what is required is nothing less than to proclaim by decree the incompatibility of the vocation of "regular"—the approximation of the priest to the "regular" would possibly be left in the shade—and teacher. This doctrine is founded on the cheerful sophistry that the man who has turned his back on worldly life has by that act renounced all right to train others for that life. As well say that the abstainer is not entitled to prepare for life the child who is born with a hereditary craving for the public-house, as if such were the natural aims of morality! There is another aspect of the Government's tactics which is essentially revolting to our British sense of fair play. Government statistics themselves show the twofold superiority in educational progress and material prosperity of the free secondary colleges as compared with the analogous state establishments. The first count is

proved by the proportional majority of candidates whom the former pass in yearly into the military, naval and other higher state colleges. As to the inferiority from the financial point of view of the Government schools, the statement sets forth plainly that the most liberally subsidised *lycées* seldom succeed in issuing a satisfactory balance-sheet. The religious institution, unendowed by the State, with rare exceptions, manages to make both ends meet, and often enjoys a most flourishing *budget des fêtes*.

Hence I cannot but agree with Cardinal Langénieux on the smallness and rashness of those who,

"without following any preconceived idea of impiety think only of dragging towards the State colleges a class of *customers* who would not go there of their own free will."

Three years ago M. Combes' predecessor acknowledged this tendency when he brought before the Chamber of Deputies a proposal for a law to compel candidates for the *Ecoles Supérieures* and for public positions to spend the previous three years in a State *lycée* or preparatory school. The proposal was at the time rejected by the Parliamentary Commission charged to consider it, and that chiefly at the instance of the consulted University, a rival but a loyal one. The present Minister is not bringing forward his predecessor's proposed decree. He is going one better. He wants to crush entirely the religious orders and their gratuitous services. The apparently moderate Bill presented by M. Chaumié, the Minister of Public Instruction, at the October reopening of the French Parliament, has been promptly withdrawn in face of blustering discontent on certain Ministerial benches, whose monopolist zeal the new scheme in contemplation will doubtless gratify. The means implied will be prompter and more effective than the Associations law towards the closing of congregationist schools; apart from drastic measures in regard of the technical qualifications of teachers, the Bill provides for a meddlesome State supervision of the "moral," *i.e.* the political atmosphere of

schools, which few will care to face. Besides, although only persons belonging to unauthorised bodies are *à priori* deprived of their teaching rights, I may remark that the immense majority of congregations are as yet uncertain as to the final issue of their demand for authorisation. If, eventually the regulars are replaced by laymen or by secular clergy—assuming the Government would put up with the latter—the expenses in salaries would reduce the establishments to a more precarious condition than the *lycées*, in the absence of public subsidies.

One word more. During my recent wanderings, I was assured that M. Combes in the days when he wore the cassock—days far off which he forgets, as he is entitled to do—wrote a charmingly mystical appeal in favour of some wonder-working *Bonne Dame*. I thought of that one evening as I was walking along the Grands Boulevards, and my ears were assailed by the brawling vendors of clerical or anti-clerical pamphlets, which, to the great shame of their literary reputation, distinguished Academicians do not shrink from signing. I thought how forty years before this people of Paris with its then picturesque humour would have printed, at the prompting of writers equally distinguished but more delicate, a hundred thousand copies of “L’Apologie de Notre Dame de B, par M. Combes, Président de la Loge Maçonnique du D° . . . arrondissement ;” to distribute them gratuitously one evening to the strollers of the boulevards. And on the morning of the next day the Ministry would have fallen beneath the ridicule . . . or the barricades.

MAURICE A. GEROTHOHL, F.R.S.L.

THE AGE OF THE INHABITED WORLD AND THE PACE OF ORGANIC CHANGE

IT is well known that for years past a struggle has been going on between eminent biologists and geologists on the one side, and equally eminent physicists on the other, as to the age of the inhabited earth; the geologists demanding for the work of erosion and deposition, and the biologists for the work of evolution, a lapse of time which the others are constrained to deny. We want, say the one side, almost countless æons for the slow progress of geological action and of the development of living things: we can, say the others, give you only a short time, for the life of the earth has been brief, and therefore you must, to use a modern phrase, hurry up your phenomena.

Lord Kelvin has presented two distinct propositions, the one of which he would, I believe, affirm to be conclusively proved, and the other to be made probable by his arguments. The first proposition is that the world has not existed as a habitable place for an infinite period: the second, that it has so existed for a period of from 24 to 40 million years and no more.

If an agency tending toward a given result has been acting through infinity, that result must have been reached. Now the earth is giving off heat into space from moment to moment, and the tendency of that action is to deprive the earth of all heat: but the earth still retains some heat. Again, the tides

produce a friction upon the solid earth, and the tendency of that friction is to make the revolution of the earth slower and slower until it ceases to revolve upon its axis at all. But in point of fact it does still revolve.

Or again, if we look at the earth as a part of the solar system, we are met by this consideration. The sun, hour by hour and day by day, is parting with heat, and is contracting the dimension of its body; and the tendency of this action is to bring the temperature of the sun to absolute zero, and its volume to that which the utmost contraction from cold can produce; but in point of fact the sun has not reached absolute zero or its smallest possible dimensions.

From these and such like considerations the inference that the world has only been in existence as a world for a limited period of time appears to be an absolutely necessary one.

With regard to the length of that period, Lord Kelvin takes hold first of the fact of the tides acting as a force which retards the rotation of the earth. But the form of a rotating body is due to the speed of its rotation and to the condition of the body as to solidity, the flattening of the body being in proportion to its fluidity and the speed of its rotation. From these considerations Lord Kelvin says that "we may safely conclude that the earth was certainly not solid 5000 million years ago, and was probably not solid 1000 million years ago."

Another note of time is found by the illustrious physicist in the rapidity with which heat is now conducted out of the earth; and availing himself of recent investigations into the melting-point of various rocks, Lord Kelvin holds that we have good reason for judging that the time which has passed since the consolidation of the earth "was more than 20 and less than 40 million years ago; and probably much nearer 20 than 40."¹

The Demand of the Geologists.—So much Lord Kelvin is prepared to allow for all the work that has been done on the earth, and not more. Now let us see what demand the geologists

¹ "On the Age of the Earth," *Phil. Mag.*, January 1899, page 75.

make. They have found in the subjects of their study two facts from which to attempt the calculation of time, namely, deposition, or the laying down of the stratified rocks; and erosion, or the wearing away of rocks; and they have been accustomed, as Dr. Haughton puts it, "to deal with time as an infinite quantity at their disposal."

Mr. Darwin said "in all probability a far longer period than 300 million years has elapsed since the latter part of the secondary period."¹ Sir Archibald Geikie, in a presidential address at the British Association in 1892, said that if the various sedimentary masses that form the outer part of the earth's crust "were all laid down at the most rapid recorded rate of denudation they would require a period of 73 million years for their completion. If they were laid down at the slowest rate they would demand a period of not less than 680 million."² And Mr. Wallace, having cited the opinions of many eminent geologists, concludes that if their opinion as to the time since the Cambrian epoch be correct, the commencement of life on the earth cannot be less than 500 million years ago.³

The Demand of the Biologists.—The demand of the biologists for a vast space of time is based upon the propositions that all existing organisms are derived from one or more simple forms; that the present forms are due to two causes,—the variability of the organism, and the natural selection amongst the varieties and the parent stock of the forms most adapted to survive; that variation and natural selection have operated very slowly, and that there is no other form of variation or selection or derivation. "It may be objected," wrote Mr. Darwin, "that time will not have sufficed for so great an amount of organic change, *al. changes having been effected very slowly through natural selection.*"⁴

¹ This passage is cited by Lord Kelvin from an early edition of the "Origin of Species." I have failed to find it in my later edition.

² "Nature," August 4, 1892, page 322.

³ "Island Life," page 205.

⁴ "Origin of Species," 4th ed., page 342. The italics are mine.

Mr. Darwin's view I take to have been that there are two distinguishable kinds of variation—the slow and the rapid, and that the latter kind is of no avail for the production of new species from the want of permanence in successive generations. "It may be doubted," he wrote, "whether sudden and great deviations of structure, such as we occasionally see in our domestic productions, more especially with plants, are ever permanently propagated in a state of nature."¹ And with that double doubt whether they ever existed otherwise than in domestic productions, and whether, if existing in a state of nature, they were hereditary, he seems to have dismissed from all consideration, in the course of his argument, this remarkable class of variations. Nature, so Mr. Darwin seems to put it, may sometimes, especially when goaded on by man, make jumps; but she does no good by it, she gets no forwarder by so doing; all her real progress is by crawling, and not by jumping.

It is, therefore, exclusively on the other form of variation, on "the accumulation of innumerable slight variations,"² that he relies. "As natural selection acts," he says, "solely by accumulating slight successive favourable variations, it can produce no great or sudden modifications; it can act only by very short and slow steps."³ What Mr. Darwin relied upon in his demand for time was the smallness of effective variations, the slowness of the operation of natural selection, and *the affirmation that there was no other mode of evolution*. It is on this negative proposition that the demand for time reposes; for, if there be sudden and large variations, as well as small; if there be natural selection exercised on rapid and sudden changes, as well as on gradual ones; or if there be any other lines along which evolution has proceeded more rapidly, then it is evident that the pace of the world would be accelerated, perhaps vastly accelerated. Mr. Wallace was at one with his great fellow worker in this insistence on the one line of slow progression: "Universal variability," he wrote, "small in amount

¹ *Origin of Species*, 4th ed., page 47. ² *Id.*, page 543. ³ *Id.* page 556.

but in every direction, ever fluctuating about a mean condition, until made to advance in a given direction by 'selection,' natural or artificial, is the simple basis for the indefinite modification of the forms of life."¹

Mr. Huxley took a different view. In writing to Mr. Darwin, he said: "You have loaded yourself with an unnecessary difficulty in adopting *natura non facit saltum* so unreservedly."²

We shall consider whether, in this matter, Huxley was not nearer the truth than Darwin.

The biologists' demand for time was elaborately put forward by Professor Poulton in his opening address to the Zoological Section of the British Association in 1896.³ He comes to the conclusion that the time occupied by the deposition of the stratified rocks is not sufficient for the whole of organic evolution, but that that period "must be multiplied several times for the later history of evolution alone," and that "the period thus obtained requires to be again increased, and, perhaps, doubled, for the earlier history."⁴ The period during which stratified rocks were formed was put by Professor Poulton, proceeding on data from Sir Archibald Geikie,

	Millions of Years.
At	450
If we translate Professor Poulton's expression "several times" to mean 3—certainly a moderate figure—	3
we shall get for the later history of evolution the figures	1350
	2
If we double this for the earlier history, we get the grand total of	2700

as representing the age of the world, not as a world, but as a world inhabitable by living organisms.

A Case of Sudden Variation.—Now I turn away from

¹ Wallace, "On Natural Selection," page 290.

² "Darwin's Life," ii., 232.

³ "Nature," liv., 500.

⁴ Page 509.

the consideration of these mighty periods of time to an humble plant. Some time ago a friend sent me some specimens of the yellow toad-flax (*Linaria vulgaris*) of the variety which is known as peloric. Though I had read of it, I had never seen it before, nor even felt the full import of the divergence between the normal and the abnormal form. The latter is a plant, to all intents and purposes, like the common toad-flax in its stem, leaves, roots, and general appearance; but its flowers, instead of being irregular and highly specialised like those of the normal form, are regular flowers, with a long yellow tube and yellow limb divided into five parts; instead of having one spur, the flower has five spurs; instead of a calyx with one sepal longer than the others, it has a regular pentamerous calyx; instead of four stamens, two long and two short, it has five stamens all of equal length; and other points of difference exist. The two flowers are vastly diverse the one from the other, and a botanist called upon to classify them would describe them certainly as different in species, and probably also in genus and family: the one would take its place amongst regular flowered plants, the other amongst those with irregular blossoms.

We owe the first observations on this curious flower to Daniel Rudberg, one of that group of keen naturalists who sat at the feet of the great Linnæus, and seem to have been inspired with his zeal for knowledge and his love of accurate description. I fancy that the academic society at Upsala in those days was very eager and earnest, and very simple. However that may be, in 1742 one of the Upsala students of the name of Zioberg gathered a specimen of this variety on an island in the sea about seven miles from Upsala, called Norra Gassklæret and committed it to his herbarium. Olaus Celsius, a doctor and professor of theology, but given to botany, visits the herbarium of Zioberg and sees this strange specimen and wonders at it, and carries it to Linnæus himself. The great teacher thinks at once that he sees through the matter. Some one has stuck on to the stem and leaves of a *Linaria* the

blossoms of some other plant, in order to have a laugh at the botanists. But Linnæus takes a needle and opens the corolla, and is more puzzled than ever, and determines to leave the question over till he can see the living plant. He goes to Zioberg and learns from him that he knows the spot from which the flower came. In 1743 the flower was eaten down by cattle before it could be obtained, but 1744 saw the plant in the hands of Rudberg, who described it in the "*Amœnitates Academicæ*," vol. i., p. 280. He gives cogent reason for the conclusion, which has long been beyond doubt, that the plant in question is really a form of *Linaria vulgaris*. There are several noteworthy points in his account of the plant. It was found growing abundantly amongst the toad-flax of the normal kind, and yet no intermediate forms were found; again, he observes that the abnormal plants had perfect seeds. It is evident that the discovery of these two forms of one plant sent something like a thrill through the systematists of Upsala. Rudberg saw that in his observations there might be the germs of great truths. "*Spes est*," he says, "*ex accuratius considerata ejus indole, ignotas antea maximi momenti veritates, vegetationi potissimum explicandæ, atque adeo Theoriæ Botanices amplificandæ inservientes, clucescere aliquando posse.*"

Soon after the publication of this discovery, the peloric form of *Linaria* was observed to exist in many other places—in various parts of Germany, at Brigg in Lincolnshire, and it has ever since been known to botanists as occurring here and there.

The consideration of this single flower is full of suggestions. It seems at once to show that there are other modes by which one organisation may pass into another than by the slow accumulation of small variations; that a single variation, not small, not accumulated, but sudden, may carry a race of organisms from one family to another, jumping, as it were, over species and genera: that such a change may occur in nature without human aid or guidance: that the new plant may be endowed with means of reproduction, and actually reproduce the new

form: in a word, that the pace of organic change is not always slow but is sometimes rapid.

Pelorism.—This remarkable change in the yellow toad-flax occurs, as I have already said, as a not uncommon event in all countries. Sometimes the change affects the whole plant, and all the blossoms are of the new form known as peloric. Sometimes the same plant bears both normal and peloric blossoms, the two forms having received from De Vries the names of *Linaria vulgaris peloria* and *Linaria vulgaris hemipeloria*.¹ Peloric flowers have been the subject of a great body of botanical literature. They were much dealt with by Dr. Masters in his well-known book on Vegetable Teratology (1869); by Professor de Vries of Amsterdam in his very elaborate work on Variations, and, as he calls them, Mutations in the Vegetable Kingdom, and by Mr. and Miss Bateson in their very interesting Paper "On Floral Variations in Plants having Irregular Corollas."² The last-mentioned observers have found peloric forms of the *Linaria spuria* growing often on the same stems as the normal plants. They have made observations on four cases of symmetrical flowers resulting from unsymmetrical ones. In some cases there were more or less intermediate forms; in others this was not the case; but, as they observe, this fact tells nothing in favour of small variations: "since the descent is not from flower to flower, but from plant to plant, and since the same plant may bear normal flowers and flowers having the perfect symmetry of the variety as well as intermediate flowers, the presence of these occasional intermediate flowers in no wise enables us to avoid the conclusion that in the case of an individual flower as opposed to an individual plant the change is a sudden one."

There are some observations on this fact of pelorism on which I desire to pause. It will be found (1) that pelorism exists in very many flowers, and is by no means confined to the one species, on which I have for the sake of clearness chiefly

¹ "Die Mutationstheorie," Leip., 1901, page 556.

² 28 Jour. Lin. Soc. Bot., 386.

dwelt ; (2) that there is evidence to show that in many of these cases the doctrine of reversion will not explain the jump ; (3) that peloric flowers are capable of reproducing themselves ; and (4) that even when pelorism is abundant there is no reason to believe that it is the result of small and successive variations.

(1) Pelorism exists in many flowers ; it has been observed, according to Dr. Masters, in no less than one hundred and ten plants, and these plants are to be found in a great variety of families and genera—in monocotyledons and in dicotyledons. The phenomenon is, therefore, wide-spread ; it cannot with reason be dismissed as rare or exceptional—if, indeed, any exception, even a unique exception, can ever be wisely dismissed from the mind of an enquirer.

(2) But then it may be suggested that this fact of pelorism in the *Linaria* is a mere case of reversion, and that the fact that organisms can suddenly jump back to an older form does not justify the conclusion that they can suddenly jump forward. But this suggestion does not meet the facts of the case, even assuming that there is no doubt as to which direction is back and which is forward, a point on which I admit that our guides are for the most part agreed. "We have no right," said Mr. Darwin, speaking of the *Linaria* in its peloric form with five spurs, "to attribute these latter cases to reversion until it can be shown to be probable that the parent form, for instance, of the genus *Linaria* had had all its petals spurred."¹ Now, so far from its being probable that the present form of *Linaria* had all its petals spurred, the spurred nectary must, according to the current theory on the subject, be regarded as correlated with the irregular form of flower, and as adapted to attract the insects to the right place in order to effect fertilisation.

If, then, we cannot consider the step from the normal to the peloric form of *Linaria* as a jump backward, it is a jump forward—forward, that is, towards a new form of flower different from the existing or any probable ancestral form. There is a

¹ 2 Darwin An. and Pl., 58.

new form of organism coming into existence by sudden modification, and not "by accumulating slight successive favourable variations," coming into existence in frequent instances and affording every reason to believe that it is capable of reproduction.

Nor is the evidence that pelorism cannot be attributed to reversion confined to the genus *Linaria*; for it has been shown that some of the peloric forms of *Antirrhinum* and *Galeobdolon*, have six stamens and six parts of the corolla; whereas the normal forms are pentamerous, and therefore must be supposed on the current theory to be descended from symmetrical pentamerous flowers.¹

Again, Dr. Masters, in his interesting study of the subject,² has classified the cases in which symmetrical flowers arise from unsymmetrical ones under two heads—(1) regular pelorism, due to the non-development of irregular parts, as when a violet drops its spurs and the inequality of the development of the petals and sepals and appears as a regular flower; and (2) irregular pelorism, due to the formation of irregular parts in increased number, as in the case which we have already dwelt upon of the five-spurred toad-flax. If we may judge from the lists given by this author, cases of irregular pelorism are more common than those of regular. His list of the former contains sixty-four and of the latter forty-six plants. It is, of course, possible to assume ancestral forms which may explain every form of pelorism as a reversion; but such an assumption can only be regarded as highly improbable, and often at variance with the probable phylogeny of the plants concerned. This view corresponds with what Mr. Darwin has said of *Linaria* and is one to which Dr. Masters also inclines.³

(3) Peloric flowers are capable of reproducing themselves; at least in some cases. We have seen the evidence on this point of the earlier observers of *Linaria vulgaris* in its peloric

¹ 2 Darwin An. and Pl., page 59.

² "Teratology," page 219 *et seq.*

³ Page 237.

form. The latest authority,¹ whilst considering that this form is generally sterile, yet holds that it sometimes produces seeds, and he cites Willdenow as having raised from such seed pure specimens of the peloric form.

From a peloric *Antirrhinum majus* artificially fertilised by its own pollen Mr. Darwin raised a large bed of plants; "and sixteen plants which alone survived the winter were as perfectly peloric as the parent plant."

Another experiment is very striking. Mr. Darwin crossed a peloric *Antirrhinum majus* with pollen of the common form, and *vice versa*, and not a single child of that generation was peloric. The crossed plants were allowed to sow themselves, and of the second generation of 127 seedlings, 88 were of the common form, 2 intermediate between peloric and normal, 37 perfectly peloric, "having reverted to the structure of their own grand-parent."² And so, again, M. Helye reports that he has raised from seed three generations of *Antirrhinum* with regular flowers.³

Again, the *Corydalis solida peloria* is reported by Godson as having shown itself true through a succession of generations (1862-8); and another peloric flower, the *Digitalis purpurea monstrosa*, has for years been a favourite race with the gardeners, and has been cultivated in the Botanical Gardens at Amsterdam from 1844 to the present time.⁴

(4) I have said that even when pelorism is abundant there is no reason to suppose it to be the result of the accumulation of small variations. The facts are entirely against any such conclusion: often no forms intermediate between the normal and the peloric appear at all. "In these cases of symmetrical variation," say Mr. and Miss Bateson,⁴ "the variation is frequently complete, and seldom incomplete, and the perfection of the variation is out of all proportion to the frequency of its occurrence."

I have dwelt thus fully, I fear tediously, upon the facts

¹ De Vries, page 555.

² 2 An. and Pl., pages 70-1.

³ Masters' "Teratol.," page 229, n.

⁴ De Vries, page 567.

of pelorism, because they have seemed to me to be very remarkable, and to carry with them a great body of suggestion as to the course of organic evolution.

Variation is evidently as constant a factor in descent as likeness; no descendant is probably the exact counterpart of any of its ancestors; but of the variations which thus occur the greater part are well within the limits of the species; they would lead no naturalist to place the child in a different position in the classification of the organisms from that occupied by the parent. But there are, as we have seen, other forms of variation which affect either the whole organism or its more important and distinguishing parts, in such a way as to suggest that the younger organism is not of the same species as its parent. For this latter kind of variation the term mutation has been used by some writers, and I propose to avail myself of it as conveniently marking off the cases with which I am concerned. Pelorism is evidently a case of mutation; but it is by no means the only one, and I propose in my next paper to adduce, in the first place, a few cases of sudden mutations not arising from change of environment which are shown to be inheritable; and in the second place to give instances of sudden variations arising from change of environment which are shown to be transmissible so long as the new environment continues.

EDWARD FRY.

(To be concluded.)

CHRISTIAN DEMOCRACY AND THE TEMPORAL POWER

IN that valuable work, "Italy To-day," Mr. Bolton King gave an interesting and impartial account of the Christian Democratic movement in Italy, and he prophesied that, important and useful as the movement was, it would not last long, but would inevitably be crushed between the upper and nether mill-stones of Ultramontanism and Socialism. Mr. Bolton King has proved a true prophet, and the course of events since his book was written has shown how shrewd and prescient an observer he is of Italian affairs. Some months ago the Sacred Congregation of Extraordinary Ecclesiastical Affairs issued to the Christian Democrats of Italy a set of "Instructions," which were received with suspicious exultation by the *Civiltà Cattolica* and other organs of obscurantism and reaction. These "Instructions" contained some praise of the Christian Democratic movement, and aimed ostensibly at its regulation and better organisation. But, in spite of the protestation of the *Osservatore Romano* that nothing of the kind was desired or intended, it was plain to any one that could read between the lines that the destruction of the movement as an effective force was the real object of the authors of the "Instructions" (in whose compilation Cardinal Rampolla was credited with a large share) and must inevitably result from their practical application.

That, in fact, has been the result. The Christian Democratic

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leaders tried at first to explain away the "Instructions" and to adapt their organisation outwardly to the conditions laid down without sacrificing their real independence. But the attempt was hopeless. The authorities showed their hand almost at once by banishing from Rome Padre Murri (editor of the *Domani d'Italia*, and private Secretary to Cardinal Agliardi) who has since been formally censured by the Holy See. And the "Instructions" could not be explained away; they were an amplification and an application in practice of the famous doctrine of Pius IX. that the Roman Pontiff could not come to terms with modern civilisation. As an example of obscurantism at its stupidest they had their humorous side, though they betrayed a characteristic lack of humour in their authors. "Fresh schemes of Christian life, new courses of action for the Church, new aspirations for the modern mind, a new social vocation for the clergy, and a new Christian society" were impartially denounced; the "spirit of innovation" was marked for abhorrence; and it was laid down that all books and periodicals supposed to contain any new ideas on any subject were to be excluded from seminaries—the unfortunate inmates of which must read nothing that had not been passed by a censor appointed for that purpose. Finally it was ordained that the Christian Democratic movement should be subjected to the "Opera dei Congressi," a group of Catholic associations controlled by the Italian bishops and at that time presided over by a bitter opponent of the Christian Democrats, Count Paganuzzi,¹ which make the restoration of the Temporal Power their primary object. This last provision was the solvent by which the dissolution of the most hopeful Catholic movement that Italy has seen for generations was to be accomplished, and the attempt to circumvent it or nullify its effects soon failed. The Christian Democratic leaders bowed to the inevitable and by a strange coincidence one

¹ Count Paganuzzi has recently been succeeded in the presidency by Count Grosoli, who has spoken favourably of Christian Democratic ideas.

of the most able and energetic if not the most judicious among them, Don Albertario, editor of the *Osservatore Cattolico* of Milan, did not survive the movement to which he had devoted his brilliant abilities. He died on September 20, having just lived long enough to see the final blow given to his dream of a reconciliation between the Vatican and Democracy, a dream which many have dreamed since Lamennais, and none without a bitter disillusionment.

In name the Christian Democratic organisations still exist—but as mere subordinate branches of an organisation under episcopal control which, whatever may be the opinions of Count Grosoli, is fundamentally opposed to the ideas and aims of the Christian Democrats. It is as though the Fabian Society were compulsorily subordinated to the Grand Council of the Primrose League. Deprived of independence and initiative the Christian Democrats must inevitably degenerate into a clericalist party taking its orders in political matters from the bishops. Great efforts have recently been made to induce the Pope to deprive the Christian Democratic organisations of their semblance of separate existence by suppressing them altogether. Those efforts have as yet been unsuccessful; it is on the whole to be wished that they may succeed; for it would be far better for Italy and for the Christian Democrats themselves if, instead of being bound and gagged, they were to throw themselves as individuals into the public life of their country and act in association with their fellow citizens in the ordinary political parties.

It is not necessary here to relate the short but brilliant history of the Christian Democratic movement in Italy. As readers of "Italy To-day" know, it made rapid progress. Patronised by such dignitaries as Cardinal Agliardi and Bishop Bonomelli of Cremona it attracted enthusiastic adherents all over Northern Italy, and was becoming an important factor in Italian social and political life. Its leaders advocated fiscal and social reforms which are urgently needed in Italy; they organised Catholic workmen and young men of all classes into

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associations or trade unions; they founded savings banks and benefit clubs. They were beginning to make Catholicism once more a living force in Italy, to bring it into touch with the people, and to find a basis for reconciliation between the Church and modern movements in thought and action. Recognising that the question of Temporal Power is not at present a question of practical politics, the Christian Democrats let it alone and devoted their attention to matters in which something could really be done. They are not at all ardent supporters of the Monarchy—many of them are Republicans—but they declined to jeopardise the cause of religion and social reform by involving themselves in useless conflicts with the Government for the sake of a theory about Papal sovereignty. This was doubtless their chief offence. The fiat of the Sacred Congregation went forth:

“Every Catholic journal and indeed every layman desirous of taking part in public action is bound to keep before the minds of the faithful that intolerable condition in which the Holy Father has found himself since Rome was annexed to Italy.”

The Temporal Power is thus to be one of the chief objects for which Catholics are to work and part of the gospel to be preached to every creature. Indeed, if we are to believe the Catholic Bishop of Liverpool, it is a mortal sin to deny its necessity.

Since it seems that the restoration of the Temporal Power is now put before Catholics as the aim to which most others must be subordinated, it may be useful to consider what it means and what it involves, from a practical point of view. Nearly two years ago some attention was drawn to the subject by an address presented to the Pope by the Duke of Norfolk on behalf of the Catholic Union of Great Britain in which a desire was expressed for the restoration of the Pope's “independence”; but the explanatory letter which the Duke of Norfolk addressed to the *Times* did not throw much light on the matter. His Grace assured his readers that he had no designs against the unity of Italy, and he expressed his belief

that the Pope had none; but as to what was connoted by the independence asked for or what means were to be adopted to secure it he could say no more than that it was a matter for the Pope himself to decide. In other words, all that the Duke could say, after himself raising the question, was that he had nothing to say on the subject. However much such a position—and it is a typical position—may commend itself to ardent spirits among Catholics, it will hardly be looked upon with favour by practical statesmen. They may or may not be of opinion that the independence of the Pope—his independence, that is, of any civil Government—is, in some sort, desirable; but it is quite certain that, before they will even consider any demand put forth by the Papacy or on its behalf for a change in the present relations between the Papacy and Italy, they will want to know what that demand is in detail. And, unless some kind of definite demand or practical proposal can be formulated, it is surely unreasonable merely to protest against the present situation. If that situation were, in fact, so intolerable from the point of view of the general interests of Europe as is alleged, common sense will tell us that the case would have been attended to long ago. That no such definite demand has been made authoritatively is common knowledge; it must be presumed that those who refrain from making it have their own reasons for so doing. The Duke of Norfolk was not to blame for the vagueness of his explanatory letter; where all is vague and in the air who, in his position, can be explicit?

Yet it is only as a practical question, not as an academic and theoretical proposition, that the matter of Papal independence or Temporal Power is worth considering. Whether the Pope ought or ought not in theory to be “independent” is a question of as little interest to most people as the much older question whether he has or has not in theory the right of deposing monarchs, which, to be sure had at one time a very practical application, and represented a claim that is by no means abandoned although it takes a different form at the present day. What, then, in the first place, is meant by the

term "independence" in connection with the Papacy? We know what the term means to an Englishman; he knows of no true independence other than that which is based on conscience. Freedom of the soul, that is independence as we understand it; and a man whose soul is free is to us, as to Herrick, free as is no other created being save only the angels. But independence in the mouth of a Roman means something quite other than freedom of the soul. We shall fail to understand Roman questions unless we first grasp the main characteristic of the Roman mind, a characteristic common in some degree to the Latin race, but concentrated and accentuated in the Roman. The Roman character, as has been pointed out by a shrewd observer, is still at bottom what it was when Rome was the centre of a pagan empire, in spite of the influence of centuries of Christianity. The main characteristic of the Latin and particularly of the Roman mind is, as it seems to me, its materialistic tendency, and therein chiefly is it differentiated from the English and the Teutonic minds. Independence, therefore, to the Roman is something material and tangible with all the pomp and circumstance of state, and visible lordliness of rule. Not for centuries has the Pope been in a position to be so independent—as Englishmen understand independence—as he could be if he chose at the present moment. From the English point of view, wordly splendour, temporal display, civil sovereignty did but obscure the tremendous spiritual and moral claims of the Papacy. The Roman, on the other hand, cannot understand spiritual or moral influence unless it is clothed in some material and external show of power. And, for all practical purposes, it is with the Roman that one has to deal in dealing with the Catholic Church. As regards her *de facto* government, from an external and political point of view, she is a purely Latin institution and must be treated as such. Ideally every nation should contribute its quota to the sum of characteristics that make up the Catholic mind; in fact it is not so. The Council of Trent ordained in one of its canons

that the Curia, the central governing body of the Church, should be cosmopolitan, that every nation should be properly represented upon it. The canon does no more than register an unrealised aspiration. Bearing these facts in mind, we must take this demand for independence for the Papacy to mean that the Pope should be placed in such a temporal position as to be free to rule his spiritual adherents exactly as he pleases without any sort of external restraint or interference. And in this connection it must be remembered that ecclesiastical authority claims to rule in other than purely spiritual or religious matters. Says an authoritative pronouncement which has been expressly approved by the Pope :—

“To think as the Church thinks, to be of one mind with her, to obey her voice, is not a matter of duty in those cases only when the subject matter is one of direct revelation or connected therewith. It is an obligation also, whenever the subject matter of the Church's teaching falls within the range of her authority. And that range, as we have said, comprises all that is necessary for feeding, teaching, and governing the flock.”¹

It will be seen that there is no limitation placed on the term “governing;” the extent of the right of government claimed is stated most explicitly in the Constitution *Unam Sanctam* of Boniface VIII., the teachings of which still rule in some theological schools and have never been disavowed or repudiated by authority. They are, indeed, plainly to be discerned in an earlier utterance on the subject of Christian Democracy, the Encyclical *Graves de communi* of the present Pope, of which the recent “Instructions” are the natural complement. In effect what is demanded is a blind obedience to the decisions of ecclesiastical authority even in political matters. And what is dreamed of is an exempt and inviolate territory from which, surrounded by all the pomp of temporal sovereignty, the Pope may issue his edicts on various subjects—including politics—to every quarter of the globe. When this is once understood

¹ A Joint Pastoral Letter on the Church and Liberal Catholicism by the Cardinal Archbishop and the Bishops of the Province of Westminster. (Burns & Oates, 1900.) Page 13.

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no surprise will be felt at the hesitation in formulating the demand.

When we come to the question how such an independence is to be secured we are met by many and considerable difficulties. It may well be doubted whether a temporal sovereignty over some part or even the whole of the old Papal States would in fact secure such an independence as is asked for.¹ The ruler of a small and weak State is at least as open to the influence of powerful neighbours as is a spiritual ruler possessed of no temporal dominions; every one remembers Bismarck's famous remark during his conflict with the Papacy after the disappearance of the Temporal Power. Nothing short of a temporal dominion over the whole civilised world, or at least the civil sovereignty of a great Power, could, it will seem to many, secure the Pope such a position as is aimed at; and these are hardly in question. That such a temporal sovereignty as even the wildest Ultramontane could dream to be within the bounds of possibility would secure such an independence as is desired is not the lesson of history. A little more inquiry into and consideration of the past would save us from many blunders in the present and future, and, if we look back at the past, we find that the Pope has never had such an independence as is now desired, and that his temporal sovereignty has not preserved him from being successively under the influence of one or other of the great Powers. In the earlier centuries the Pope was under the control of the Emperor, whose confirmation was even necessary to a Papal election, and it was only after a struggle that the Pope could obtain freedom of action. The only time at which the Pope can be said to have been independent was during the conflict with the Emperor in the eleventh, twelfth, and thirteenth centuries, when the Pope had no abiding city. Was there ever so independent a Pope as St. Gregory VII.? Yet his independence was due, not to temporal sovereignty but to force of character. He had no

¹ Lord Herries has suggested that the Pope might be given an island, but this perhaps is a suggestion that need not be seriously considered at present.

independence in the material and worldly sense ; his pontificate was one of the most troubled in history ; he was successfully besieged in his own city ; an anti-Pope was set up against him ; he died in exile. It was sheer spiritual and moral force that made him independent, that brought Henry to Canossa to do penance for his crimes and broke down the resistance to necessary reform of the greatest civil power in the world. When the power of the Emperors waned the Papacy became enslaved to France ; the later period of Spanish dominance at Rome English Catholics have painful reason to remember. And never was the Papacy more subservient to one Power or another than in the period immediately preceding the loss of the Temporal Power. Gregory XVI. was the creature of Austria ; Pius IX. was the creature of France ; it was only by French bayonets that Pius IX. was kept on his unsteady civil throne and, when the French protection was withdrawn, that throne fell. The recognised right of either of the Catholic Powers to veto the election of any particular individual as Pope, a right exercised again and again, disappeared only with the Temporal Power. The election of Leo XIII. was the first wholly free election after many centuries of interference, and that freedom was secured in the capital of the Kingdom of Italy. In 1846, as every one knows, the election of Cardinal Mastai-Ferretti would have been vetoed by Austria but for carelessness probably due to a belief that he had no chance ; in 1878 there was no hint of interference on the part of any Power.

The subserviency of the Papacy to one or other of the Powers has, in part at least, been due to its seemingly inherent disposition to lean on some extraneous power and to trust to the arm of flesh. At present the influence of France as the leading Latin and Catholic Power is paramount at the Vatican. Is there any reason to suppose that that influence would be lessened in the smallest degree if the Papal States were restored ? So far as we can be guided by history we should rather expect it to be increased under such circumstances. And the present Pope's remarks about the French Protectorate of Catholic

Missions in the East confirm that expectation, pointing as they do to a settled conviction of the desirability of a specially close alliance between the supreme head of the Catholic Church and the chief of the Latin nations. The chief aim of the Vatican policy being the retention at all costs of the religious and political control of the Latin nations—an aim which takes precedence by a long way of the return of the non-Latin nations to the Church (a possibility positively dreaded in some quarters)—it is on the leading Latin nations that the Vatican inevitably leans, apart from any illusory hope that may be cherished of possible help from a Franco-Russian alliance towards realising aspirations to which England and the Triple Alliances are solid bars. The question is, not so much whether the Papacy can be independent as whether it wills to be. It will never be independent so long as it has political aims or seeks to command the obedience of Catholics in political matters. Such aims must inevitably lead it to depend on some one or more of the Powers and embroil it with others, as would not be the case were its aims purely religious and its attention confined to spiritual and moral affairs. The choice lies between the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them on the one hand and the kingdom that is in but not of the world on the other. It is a mistake to suppose that one can choose both.

Whether or not Papal independence could be secured by temporal sovereignty is not, however, the chief consideration of the statesman. What he has to consider are the probable results of the restoration of temporal dominion to the Papacy, and in that consideration he is hampered by the absence already referred to of any definite demand and the extreme vagueness of the claim made for the Papacy. If we are to take seriously the utterances of the most ardent advocates of the Temporal Power we shall, indeed, conclude that nothing less than the restoration of the whole of the old Papal territory will be satisfactory. It has even been proposed in a pamphlet published with an episcopal *imprimatur* that the divine right of the Pope to that particular territory and the necessity of its

restoration to him should be defined as an article of faith on the ground, so far as one can gather, that the acreage of the territory is alleged to be the same as that of the Holy Land. Whether the Duke of Norfolk is right in believing that the Pope himself does not desire to destroy Italian unity I have no means of knowing; but it is quite certain that it is the professed aim of the out-and-out Ultramontanes. The habitual language of such journals as the *Osservatore Romano* (the subsidised organ of the Vatican) or the *Voce della Verità*, is as uncompromising as it is sometimes indecorous. The only scheme that has been propounded within recent years is that of the *Civiltà Cattolica*, the Roman organ of the Jesuits; it embraced the abolition of the Italian monarchy and the formation of a federal Republic with the Pope at the head of it. The Pope apparently was to be absolute ruler of the Papal territory, which would be the chief State or Canton of the federation; the political validity of the ideas of these persons was aptly exemplified in this conception of a republic presided over by an absolute monarch. The scheme did not, it will be seen, show any great regard for Italian unity; it is interesting chiefly as an index to the ideas and aims of the Society of Jesus. Of proposals which aim at the reconciliation of Vatican and Quirinal and the preservation of the unity of Italy with a due regard for the rights of the Papacy there have been none, so far as I know, since the famous pamphlet of the late Abbot Tosti; nor, after the fate of that distinguished man, are there likely to be any. Whatever may be true as to the exact details of the manner in which his downfall was brought about this at least is certain: he did not write and publish that pamphlet without such approval and encouragement from very high quarters as gave him every reason to believe that it would be acceptable.

At present we have before us no scheme at all, nothing but a vague cry, that has many different meanings in as many different mouths. But it is possible to consider what would be involved in the restoration to Papacy of even the smallest

amount of temporal sovereignty beyond what it possesses at present; for, of course, the Pope is in fact a sovereign and his own master, and would remain so if he walked out of the Vatican to-morrow; the last thing desired by the Italian Government is to have him as a subject. Suppose the Papal dominion to consist only of Rome, or even of part of Rome, with a railway to the sea, there are many considerations of importance that have to be taken into account. In the first place, there is the important consideration, already mentioned, of French influence over the Vatican, which would have great weight with any European statesman confronted with a proposal to place the Pope in a position in which that influence would be more effective. In the second place, there is the not unimportant question of the feeling of the Roman people. Is there any reason to believe that the Roman people would welcome the prospect of being handed over to an ecclesiastical ruler who must in the nature of things be an absolute monarch? I hardly think there is. As a Roman priest put it to an English Catholic friend of mine who was waxing eloquent on Temporal Power: "The Romans of the present generation have grown up from their cradles to regard Rome as the capital of Italy; do you think they will see it handed over to the Pope? Would you give him London?" The *argumentum ad hominem* is sometimes not ineffective. The Italian Government might, I fancy, embarrass the Pope very seriously by offering to hand over Rome to him forthwith on one condition, that the Pope should not call in any extraneous aid either from Italy itself or from any foreign power. Within a very short time, one may venture to predict, Leo XIII. and his *entourage* would be in the position in which Pius VII. found himself in 1810, the year of the present Pope's birth. That, at least, is the conclusion one would draw from the history of the Papal States. In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries the Roman people was fairly quiet, but at what a cost Ranke has told us; his terrible indictment is unhappily incontrovertible. During the nineteenth century, until the Temporal Power came to an end,

the Roman people rebelled repeatedly and was kept down only by force. And the Roman people would have to be kept down by force now.

The question then arises, whence is the Papal Government to obtain the necessary force ? If the Pope did not require a standing army, he would at least require a strong force of police. Where would it come from ? Chiefly, one may safely say, from France ; and it is impossible to doubt that, at the first hint of trouble that could not be dealt with by its own police, the Vatican would, as in the time of Pius IX., turn to France for military aid, and the Italian Government would find itself face to face with the occupation of territory in the middle of Italy by a jealous and not very friendly rival. To expect any government willingly to take such a risk is surely unreasonable. If, on the other hand, the territory, whatever it might be, were ceded to the Pope on the express condition that it should be policed exclusively by Italians, and that under no circumstances, should a foreign Power be called in, where would be the independence of which we have heard so much ? Such a condition would mean that the Papal Government would be permanently dependent on Italy for the maintenance of order within the Papal domain. The suggestion of an International guarantee for the maintenance of the civil sovereignty of the Pope and the neutrality of his territory need hardly be discussed seriously at this time of day. But it may be pointed out that, even if the proposal (involving, as it does, the combination of the European Powers to force the Pope on the Romans, whether they like it or not, and suppress them whenever they rebel) were not ludicrously impracticable, such an arrangement would put the Papacy in a condition of contemptible servitude to the European Powers.

There are other questions to be answered before any proposal for the restoration of the Temporal Power can even be considered by practical persons. Would it, for instance, involve a government entirely in the hands of ecclesiastics like that of the old Papal States ? Is Europe once more to have the

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spectacle presented by the details of the old administration which are within the knowledge of those who wish to know, but on which it is not necessary to dwell here? We know what the old ecclesiastical government was. Can any Catholic think of it without a blush or a feeling of regret that such things should have been? Yet there is no reason to be surprised that it was what it was. The conduct of civil government is no part of the mission of ecclesiastics; they are fitted for it neither by their training nor by their calling, and their ill-success in this instance did but illustrate the wisdom of the proverbial warning. It is doubtful whether many people wish to see the attempt repeated. But is any other than an ecclesiastical administration possible in an ecclesiastical State of which the Pope is head? That is a question which the advocates of temporal sovereignty have to answer.

These and such-like practical difficulties cannot be lightly dismissed nor can their consideration be postponed until the "principle" is conceded. They are essential factors in the problem. It is plain that the mere reiteration of vague protest against the present situation, unaccompanied by any practical proposal for its rectification, can only have one of two results, or perhaps both. It must either be prejudicial to the peace of Europe and discredit the Catholic Church, because the Papacy is seen to be a cause of discord and strife, or it must bring the protest itself into inevitable contempt. The danger lies, to a large extent, in the absence among Catholics of any practical consideration of the problems involved. In this world problems are solved by study and not by declamation. For my part I frankly confess that when one does consider the matter practically, the difficulties in the way of any solution of the problem seem to be insurmountable; perhaps it is a suspicion that that is the case which leads Catholics generally to shirk the problem. I see no way out of the present situation, nor any alternative to empty protest, except that of resignedly accepting the situation and making the best of it by coming to an understanding with Italy on the basis of the *status quo*.

Whether the Papacy is to be independent is another question the answer to which rests, as I have already said, with the Papacy itself; no temporal sovereignty, no treaty, no international guarantee, will secure independence. In this connection the dying words of that distinguished scholar and devoted Catholic, the late Professor F. X. Kraus, will appeal with irresistible force to every thoughtful Catholic. "Dying as living," he said in his last will and testament, "I can see no salvation for Christian society except in the return of all to a religious Catholicism, in a breach with the worldly, political, and pharisaical aspirations of Ultramontaniam, and in the acknowledgment that the Kingdom of God is not of this world." Yes; the price to be paid for independence is the abandonment of worldly ambitions and political entanglements, a whole-hearted reliance on spiritual and moral claims, and a frank appeal to the soul and conscience of mankind. That price is, I fear, one which the Roman character will not consent to pay. The consideration to which this inevitably leads is whether, in view of the actual absorption of all authority in the Church by the Papal Curia, the catholicisation of that central governing body would not in practice be found the best guarantee for the independence of the Pope and the natural corrective of the obvious weaknesses of the Roman character.

ROBERT EDWARD DELL.

CANADA AND IMPERIAL IGNORANCE

IT may not be thought that in England at this moment there is any need to stimulate the Imperial sentiment. We have heard perhaps too much of Empire. Patriotism has been bawled unpleasantly, and nothing is worse than a fine sentiment vitiated: *corruptio optimi pessima*. But in spite of colonial conferences, fast services, and a vast outpouring of sentiment in many parts of Greater Britain, Great Britain is still accused of lukewarmness. We are in the eyes of many Canadians Laodicean, and they have an uncomfortable way of remembering instances of British inability to realise the sentiments of colonial people. If the imagination of British people has been touched it has still missed the grip of concrete things, without which imagination, even in the poets, loses the reality of its power. The existence of a widespread ignorance of empire is beyond dispute. There is a tale which Mr. Goldwin Smith, who has now for many years made Toronto his home, delights to tell in illustration. He was walking one day with three members of the Liberal Government, Mr. Cardwell, Mr. Forster, and Lord Aberdare, and they had occasion to enter a church porch where they found affixed a notice to the effect that in as much as the Colorado beetle had appeared "in Ontario, a town of Canada, &c." The notice had issued from the Privy Council and had passed their specialists, and the historian enjoyed pointing out to the politicians the inadequacy

of the description. The date is before the Colonial Office became almost the most important part of Government and would be without significance if similar ignorance were uncommon or only of the past and among politicians. But it is still wide and vicious as ever. Journalists perhaps are the chief offenders. Not long since one writer, who went no further west than Toronto and stayed no longer than three weeks, wrote an article on his return which is now famous in the Dominion. It began thus: "Canada is a flat country." He had before his eyes Toronto, the garden city, with its spacious streets and level avenues of trees and grassy spaces, sloping with an almost invisible declivity to the blue lake. But of the great north west, the country which, in Lord Dufferin's phrase, "confounds the arithmetic of the surveyor and the verification of the explorer," which contains the backbone of the world, he had no conception; it might exist, but it was not, to his experience, Canada. But men of commerce are hardly less ignorant. The Minister of the Interior complains that a regular percentage of the English people who write for information about this thing or that address their questions to "The British Consul, Ottawa," and the official to whom falls the duty of replying has a stereotyped form of rebuke in which he points out, simply and in school-boy language, that in as much as Canada is an integral part of the British Empire it has no need of a British Consul. Some of the letters are addressed "Ottawa, Canada, The United States"; and this strange reluctance to dissociate the United States and Canada has been used by Mr. Goldwin Smith, who is perhaps the one annexationist in Canada, to point to the logical reasons for the combination of the two. Ludicrous as they appear to Canadians, one need not lay stress on mistakes of geography such as that of the correspondent who recently described the Royal party as taking an afternoon trip by boat "from Ottawa to Halifax." But these casual errors are symptomatic of an ignorance which may be deep enough in the sequel to do violence to the Empire. Even Mr. Rhodes, whom the public

loves to call an empire-builder, can have had little notion of the present position of Canada and none of its great possibilities. "For the province of Ontario, Canada, three scholarships. For the province of Quebec, three scholarships. For the colony or island of Newfoundland and its dependencies, three scholarships." So the will as it stands; as if the three divisions were on the same level and there were no north western territories, indeed, no west to Canada at all. And yet at the time when the will was made the progress of those parts of the Empire was beginning to be as striking almost as the development of Rhodesia. Ignorance is that which makes misunderstandings easy; and it is not too much to say that by far the greatest danger that the Empire has to face at this time is chance misconceptions. It is as true now as when Aristotle said it, that seditions may come from small occasions, but not from small causes; and if some apparently slight misconception in some part of the Empire should sap its loyalty there, the cause would be the almost treasonable lack of interest and imagination which made the ignorance possible. The strength of empire is largely the amount of thought that is put into its consolidation. The favourite continental description of Greater Britain—a colossus *aux pieds d'argile*—is a true description of any widely spread empire which is prevented, by want of vitality in the members, from deserving the title of organism.

Again, ignorance in any one part of the Empire does direct injury to other parts. The Empire is sensitive through all its frame. To take an instance from finance; not that money is one of the better tests, but because cause and effect are perhaps easiest to trace in business affairs. For years the natural development of Canada has been held suspended solely for want of capital, and continuous efforts have been made to attract the capital of English investors. At one time there was a general consciousness in England that the field was rich. In obedience to the prompting many pioneers went out and a very considerable amount of capital was put into their hands, but almost without exception they failed miserably. It was

not that they lost their money in waste places, not that they were cheated—though it is said in Montreal that if there is a rogue in a place he is sure to get hold of the Englishman—it was not that they were bad men of business. They suffered almost entirely from want of knowledge of the country and its ways. You cannot transfer formulæ from an old to a new country, though now and again the converse process has succeeded. Many have been ruined in this way by failing to understand the political position; or the simpler details of how a concession of land is granted and kept, and how an official is approached. Most businesses have been over-capitalised, or rather, sums that seem to Canadians absurd have been spent on preliminaries and offices and inquiries, most of which were needless. In a new country where there are no precedents, no “old established firm,” no vested interests; success goes to the man who knows. While much English capital was being thrown away the native Canadian, the “man with five dollars in his pocket,” has built a successful railway. He has gone to the right authorities, Government has granted him a subsidy, certainly in land, perhaps also in cash. He has obtained grants from the municipalities, he has borrowed money on the security of the land subsidy, and before the issue of the bonds, certainly before the issue of the stock, he has found his capital sufficient to enable him to open up a great tract of virgin territory and to claim the reputation of a benefactor as well as of a man of business. Some of his bonds have been bought with English money, but the previous failure of English enterprise has continued to frighten off English capital. Now when the astonishing effect of the development of the railways on the prosperity of the country has become plain to the most diffident and American capital is flowing in at a great pace, all eyes are turned on South Africa with such intensity that even the sensational rise in the shares of the Canadian Pacific Railway fails to divert the flow of investment and of interest.

With money, Canada needs population; and again it is largely ignorance that keeps London packed with dejected

paupers or sends off younger sons to the Argentine. Some years ago Mr. Parkin, who had "stumped the Empire" from end to end, was lecturing to a crowded audience of working men in London on the scope and grandeur of empire. In the discussion which followed his lecture, a working man got up at the back of the hall and asked this question. "Mister," he said, "can you tell me what's the good of all this talk about empire and federation and ships when lots of us here are starving—starving?" It was the opportunity the lecturer had been looking for. "In the land I come from," he said, "there are millions of acres of rich land untouched. It is a country as big as the United States of America, and has only 5,000,000 people, no more than you have here heaped upon each other in this sweltering city. In the land I come from there is not a single poor person as you call poor, and yet you men are content to starve in garrets. You may well ask, 'What is the good of empire?' when you refuse to go to a country which is longing for you and will give you a competence for the asking, and stay here in a thankless city, crowded and miserable, and, you say, starving."

We spend roughly £12,000,000 a year on maintaining paupers; it should be a problem worth working out, whether this sum might not be reduced, or at least spent to better purpose, in making emigration easy. Sir J. Robinson has urged this solution of the pauper question with much warmth on many occasions, but both he and others of his school forget the individual difficulty. Of the people who should be most benefited by an emigration scheme, some, who may be called the natural paupers, lack the courage or imagination. "Oi'm feared I moight clem," a huge burly countryman said the other day, when emigration was proposed to him. On the other hand are those whose capacities have been specialised to the point of extinction. How many are just in the position of the factory girl who approached an emigration agent for help? He asked her if she could do this thing or that, and only after an unbroken succession of disclaimers discovered that she could

"pack files." It is of no use to propose emigration to these people and to pay their passage. First, we must so educate our people that their imagination shall grasp the value of membership in an empire which is under many skies. We must train them from the beginning to be handy men and women who look to a career in one part of their country—Canada or South Africa—as not less natural than picking up a livelihood just where their fathers and mothers happen to be living. The old fallacy still holds possession of our people, that the sea severs; that it lies as a barrier, forbidding us. We are more afraid of it than the Elizabethans. We are not islanders, but continental to the backbone, as if there were not a continent of the sea, a cement of salt water, making inseparable the landed homes. By the sea we move easily, quickly, and cheaply, and gather health and power in the passing. But of the new truth, which has been growing truer every day these two thousand years, our poorer people have no suspicion. Before the hopes which Sir Wilfrid Laurier expressed the other day can be fulfilled to the half must come this education in Imperial knowledge. It should not be difficult, but it remains that Imperial education as such does not exist. No age is so imaginative as the earliest; but there is no machinery for bringing home to the imagination of children the understanding of how this empire in its extended splendour may be of use to themselves here and now; may be a personal inheritance, not, as it were, a crown jewel to look at in a glass case beneath a policeman's eye. It is not only in Britain that the ignorance is great. In one sense Canada is a colony which has only discovered itself in the last few years. The railways have done the teaching; and, rapid as their development has been, they are still totally inadequate to the task of freighting. It was calculated early in the summer that one hundred and seventy-six trucks, of a carrying capacity of thirty tons each, were needed to get away last year's wheat crop in the North-West before the next harvest began to come in. The mere publication of such a statistical fact as this has awakened

Eastern Canada to an appreciation of her Western capacity. A small shopkeeper in Toronto, with whom I spoke on this and kindred subjects, told me that this detail had first induced him to look at the map of North America with intelligence. "After nineteen years living here," he said, "I have only found out in the last three weeks that Canada is as big as the United States." Railways have taught to Canadians the wealth of their own country, but the very absorption in the development of the country has in another way kept some Canadians ignorant of empire. No one has done more than Sir Wilfrid Laurier to encourage at any cost the internal development of the country. At the prorogation of Parliament in May last the mere reading out of the abbreviated titles of railway concessions, to which the Governor-General had to affix his signature, took between seven and eight minutes. On the same day, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, with whom I had been discussing the question of Imperial defence, argued that even strategically the development of the railways in Canada, on which his Government has spent millions of money, was worth all other schemes of defence put together. There is much to be said for the argument; and it is true enough in some cases, as Sir Wilfrid Laurier further maintained, that the English view of the obligation of the colonies to give something to the support of the navy or army is the result of insular ignorance of the needs and wealth of a new country. But his argument, too, issued from ignorance, if ignorance of another kind. If empire is a fit word to use of Britain and the regions, "*quæ in ditione sunt Britannica*," Canada and Britain are organically connected. Of course there is an arrangement for division of labour: the hand writes, the legs walk; but the nervous system is the care of the whole organism. The particular business of Canada may be to build railways, but in some sort it is natural to her to share, to however small a degree, in the health of the nerves of empire: the ships and cables which make possible, or at least protect from sudden severance, the connecting currents of affection or, if you will, commerce,

As when Seely wrote, it is this word colony that is doing the damage.

But we are concerned here and now with English, not Canadian ignorance ; and this was never more dangerous than now. It is true that the ripe pear theory, which Harrington would have popularised, has disappeared. The annexation movement in Canada which was strong, especially in Montreal, some thirty-five years ago, has vanished before the growth of commercial prosperity. All that remains is an occasional outburst of disloyalty in some of the French papers, and the phrase "an independent republic on the banks of the St. Lawrence," which seldom emerges into public from the debating rooms of the young French students of Montreal. But if the French have as little desire as any other Canadians to be joined to the United States, in one form the annexation movement remains acute. American ideas, if not America, are taking the country captive. The Americans have no insidious intentions, no *arrière pensée*—an American seldom has. He is generally candid, if not honest, to a degree. He goes where he goes to make money, and makes no pretence of ulterior objects ; he neither simulates nor dissimulates. But power goes with the making of money as an inseparable accident ; and the American is apt to win other prizes than millions. It is no small achievement that the Press is completely captured. It has been done merely in the way of business ; but so effectively that in the last ten years English magazines have been practically banished. Private people and the clubs still take in this or that weekly paper, but it may be said that there is practically no public sale at all ; no agents who take English papers, no public which demands them. Some of the shells may be seen, but an inspection of the contents reveals the American edition, in which articles especially designed to suit American tastes have been substituted in New York for the more typically English material. The rights of these editions have been most carefully protected. In one case it was desired by an agent to procure a number of copies of a

weekly paper direct from England, or, as an alternative, to issue a simultaneous Canadian edition. Full arrangements had been made, when the proprietors of the American edition, acting fully within their legal rights, prohibited the publication. Now any copy ordered from England has to be delayed for several days, so that it may not reach Canada before the American edition is on the market. To some extent it is the same with the daily Press. There is seldom a direct cable message to Canada. The most important paper in Canada publishes daily a duplicate version of a letter cabled to a paper in New York. The effect is partly ludicrous, partly irritating. If there has been a great reception, Canadians are informed—by cable—that Mr. Choate and Mr. Whitelaw Reid were present. Of the daily occurrences, those are picked out which are most likely to interest the people of New York; and in graver political matters those points emphasised which may best suit the prejudices of New York readers. It is perhaps no hardship to Canadians to have to read American magazines. As magazines go they are good enough. Nor is it difficult to discount the bias of the cabled letter. But no one in these days can deny the subtlety of the influence of the papers; and the effect of something like a universal control of the Press on the Dominion by America must be immense. If we reckon the sum of the misunderstandings and irritations produced in this way it will be found to represent an uncomfortably large deficiency from the goodwill of empire; and the continual absorption of the American philosophy of life cannot but produce, for good or evil, a cumulative effect. It is the opinion of many Canadians who have made a study of the question that a reduction of the postal rates would redress the balance; but whether or no, on this particular head, the Post Office is right to return a blunt *non possumus* is no doubt open to argument. Administrative details cannot be settled off hand. The first point is that people and politicians should know what the problem is. A reform of postal rates may be difficult, and a reduction show no hope of financial return; but if it is true,

as many people of Toronto hold, that this flood of American literature will become a grave Imperial question, reformation even "in a flood" may be demanded by that part of government which is, or should be, above and outside any department. Does such exist? If so, is it in possession of the full knowledge? And is the sum of thought expended in England on these Imperial questions adequate at all either to the inherent interest of the problem or to the demands of Canadians?

There was seldom a country more productive of historical and political problems than Canada. Her position is unique, she lies with no barrier of geography, creed or language alongside the most progressive and aggressive race the world has seen. There is envy, as there must be, of the neighbour's superior pace; there is emulation, even imitation; but behind it all an astonishing conviction of the superior freedom of Canada's Government and of the power of Canadians to make their country as great as the greatest. This is shared by French and English; and here again what recurring problems the relations between the two nationalities bring up! A French-Canadian, to whom fell a chief share in sending the troops to South Africa, gave it as his reasoned conviction that the growth of the French population might some day upset the whole balance of the country. The French, though they have been increased by no immigration for 150 years, are pushing out rapidly from Quebec into Ontario, and their voting power continually increases. At present there is a sort of race between them and the immigrants, the Americans, the repatriated Canadians, the Russian Quakers, and the cosmopolitan rout who are finding out the North-West. Will these men settle down to be good citizens of Empire, and will they, as the people of Ontario and in violent contrast to the French of Quebec, remain unproductive? The French-Canadians, of whom we know too little, are a people of extraordinary interest, very happy, very moral, and more completely under the influence of the priest than we can imagine. But happily he uses his influence chiefly to make them marry early; and his

Church devotes its money mainly to the purchase of land. Here is another problem of Imperial concern. Church property is untaxed, and as the land in the hands of the Church, especially the Roman Catholic Church, increases rapidly, a smaller and smaller part of the population pays the taxes. There is room for a small revolution in the settlement even of this complaint.

There is no immediate crisis. The English, as well as the French, are contented as well as loyal; but it is the weakness of English politics to wait for problems to become critical before making study of them. When the House of Commons was an assembly chiefly concerned with parochial affairs, this hand-to-mouth existence mattered little. But ignorance, associated with want of imagination, may come to involve the fall of more than members and ministries. It is a national necessity that this ignorance be dissipated through the tissue of the nation; but it is more immediately imperative in those who are supposed to represent the nation. Is not the time near when the inclusion in the government of the Empire of some council, whose sole task it is to solve Imperial problems, will become an urgent practical necessity?

W. BEACH THOMAS

THE MUSIC OF RICHARD STRAUSS

I

IN that essay on "The School of Giorgione," in which Walter Pater came perhaps nearer to a complete or final disentangling of the meanings and functions of the arts than any writer on aesthetics has yet done, we are told: "*All art constantly aspires towards the condition of music.*" And of music because,

in its ideal, consummate moments, the end is not distinct from the means, the form from the matter, the subject from the expression; and to it, therefore, to the condition of its perfect moments, all the arts may be supposed constantly to tend and aspire.

Now the aim of modern music, which may seem to be carried to at least its furthest logical development in the music of Richard Strauss, is precisely to go backwards from this point towards which all the other arts had tended and aspired in vain, and to take up again that old bondage from which music only had completely freed itself. "For while in all other works of art," Pater tells us, "it is possible to distinguish the matter from the form, and the understanding can always make this distinction, yet it is the constant effort of art to obliterate it." With the entrance of the "programme" into music, with the attempt to express pure idea, with the appeal to the understanding to make distinctions, music has at once forfeited all the more important of its advantages over the other arts,

condescending to an equality which it can never even maintain ; putting itself, in fact, at a wilful disadvantage.

Music can express emotion and suggest sensation. It can express emotion as directly as the human voice can express emotion, by an intonation, either accompanied by words, as in a shriek or sob, or irrespective of words, as in a phrase which says one thing and which can be instantly realised to mean another. Music can suggest sensation, either by a direct imitation of some sound in nature (the beating of the heart, the sound of the wind, the rustling of leaves) or by a more subtle appeal to the nerves, like the inexplicable but definite appeal of a colour in the sky, which seems to us joyous, or of the outline of a passing cloud, which seems to us threatening. Music can call up mental states of a more profound, because of a more perfectly disembodied, ecstasy, than any other art, appealing, as it does, directly to the roots of emotion and sensation, and not indirectly, through any medium distinguishable by the understanding. But music can neither express nor suggest an idea apart from emotion or sensation. It cannot do so, not because of its limitations, but because of its infinite reach, because it speaks the language of a world which has not yet subdivided itself into finite ideas.

"Art," says Pater, in the essay from which I have quoted, "is thus always striving to be independent of the mere intelligence, to become a matter of pure perception, to get rid of its responsibilities to its subject or material." Art has little to do with the brain apart from the emotions ; the brain, apart from the emotions, produces in art only the fantastic or the artificial. When a poet puts aside poetry to give us philosophy (which should lie like dung about the roots of his flower) he is mistaking the supreme function of his art for one of its subordinate functions, but he is hardly so fatally at war with the nature of things as the musician who tries to give us abstract thought in music. Ask music to render to us Spinoza's "He who loves God does not desire that God should love him in return." There we get an abstract idea, and all that music

is capable of suggesting to us in it is the emotion of love, which can be suggested in the noblest manner without conveying to us any distinction between a sacred human love and the divine love of God, much less any indication of what is meant by the conflict in magnanimity between these two loves.

Now Strauss tries to give us abstract thought in music, and it is by this attempt to convey or suggest abstract thought that he is distinguished from other composers of "programme" music, and that he claims our chief attention as a phenomenon in modern music. He has gone to Nietzsche for the subject of one of his "tone-poems," "Also sprach Zarathustra;" another is called "Tod und Verklärung" (Death and Transfiguration); another, "Ein Helden-leben" (A Hero's Life), and in this he offers us a kind of autobiography or Whitman-like "Song of Myself." His admirers having said, as they continue to say, that he had written philosophical music, he defined his intention in these words, on the occasion of the production of "Also sprach Zarathustra" at Berlin in 1896:

I did not intend to write philosophical music or portray Nietzsche's great work musically. I meant to convey musically an idea of the development of the human race from its origin, through the various phases of development, religious as well as scientific, up to Nietzsche's idea of the Uebermensch.

"To convey an idea": there we get, stated nakedly, the fundamental fallacy of the attempt. Here, then, is music labelled "nach Nietzsche." For the name of Nietzsche substitute the name of Calvin; say that you represent the babes, a span long, suffering in hell, and the just made perfect in heaven: the notes, so far as they are capable of conveying a definite idea, would remain as appropriate to the one as to the other. Philosophy or theology, it is all one; indeed, the headlines from a placard of the Salvation Army would serve as well as either for the interpretation of a "tone-poem" which no one would any longer call philosophical.

In his anxiety to convey more precise facts than music can convey by itself, Strauss often gives quotations, quotations in music, which are, after all, only one degree removed from

headlines or programmes. In the fifth section of "Ein Helden-leben" he quotes themes from his "Macbeth," "Don Juan," "Tod und Verklärung," "Till Eulenspiegel," "Also sprach Zarathustra," "Don Quixote," "Guntram," and the song "Traum durch die Dämmerung," in order to suggest what he calls "The Hero's Works of Peace." That is one way of making one's meaning clear; it has a good precedent, and recalls the French drummer, Monsieur Le Grand, in Heine, who knew only a little German, but could make himself very intelligible with the drum. "For instance, if I did not know what the word *liberté* meant, he drummed the 'Marseillaise,' and I understood him. If I did not understand the word *égalité*, he drummed the march, 'Ça ira . . . les aristocrates à la lanterne!' and I understood him. If I did not know what *bêtise* meant, he drummed the Dessauer March . . . and I understood him." In "Don Juan," I heard unmistakable echoes of the fire-music in "Die Walküre," and on turning to Lenau's verses I find that the fire of life is supposed to have died out on the hearth. The famous love-scene in "Feuersnot" is partly made from a very slightly altered version of the "Air de Louis XIII.," the meaning of which, as a quotation, I am unable to guess. On p. 86 of the piano score of the opera, at the words "Da triebt Ihr den Wagner aus dem Thor," we have fragmentary quotations from the "Ring." In the opening of "Also sprach Zarathustra," Strauss quotes the seven notes to which the priest officiating at the mass sings the "Credo in unum Deum." By the quotation of this easily, though not universally, recognisable phrase he is able, it is true, to convey something approximating to an idea; but it is conveyed, after all, by association of ideas, not directly, and is dependent on something quite apart from the expressive power of music itself.

Music can render only an order of emotion, which may be love or hate, but which will certainly not be mistaken for indifference. Now it may be said, and justly, that there is such a thing as philosophic emotion, the emotion which accom-

panies the philosopher's brooding over ideas. Take the overture to "Parsifal:" there never was more abstract music, but it is, as I have defined Coventry Patmore's best poetry, abstract ecstasy. I do not say that this abstract ecstasy might not be expressed in music which would sum up the emotional part of a philosopher's conception of philosophy. Call it Nietzsche, call it Richard Strauss; I shall not mind what you call it if it be filled with some vital energy of beauty, if it live, in whatever region of the clouds. I will not call it philosophical music, but I will admit that the order of emotion which it renders is some order of abstract emotion which may as well belong to the philosopher brooding over the destinies of ideas as to the lover brooding over the religion of his passionate creed. Only, I must be sure that the emotion is there, that it makes and fills the form through which it speaks, that its place is not taken by a clever imitation of its outward and unessential part.

II

Thus far I have spoken only of the theory of the music. But the music itself, it may be said, if only the music is good, what does all this matter? It matters, because Strauss' theories act directly upon his musical qualities, distracting them, setting them upon impossible tasks, in which the music is deliberately sacrificed to the expression of something which it can never express. Strauss is what the French call *un cérébral*, which is by no means the same thing as a man of intellect. *Un cérébral* is a man who feels through his brain, in whom emotion transforms itself into idea, rather than in whom idea is transfigured by emotion. Strauss has written a "Don Juan" without sensuality, and it is in his lack of sensuality that I find the reason of his appeal. All modern music is full of sensuality, since Wagner first set the fevers of the flesh to music. In the music of Strauss the Germans have discovered the fever of the soul. And that is indeed what Strauss has tried to interpret. He has gone to Nietzsche, as we have seen, for the subject of one of his symphonic poems, "Also sprach

Zarathustra"; in "Tod und Verklärung" we find him scene-painting the soul; "Don Juan" is full of reflections concerning the soul. He is desperately in earnest, doctrinal almost, made uneasy by his convictions. He thinks with all his might, and he sets his thoughts to music. But does he think in music, and what does his thinking come to?

In one of his compositions, a "melodrame" for the piano, intended as a musical accompaniment to the words of Tennyson's "Enoch Arden," after that hopelessly wrong fashion which Schumann set in his lovely music to "Manfred," Strauss has shown, significantly as I think, the spirit in which he approaches literature. It is a kind of running commentary in footnotes, not a new creation in another art. The music tries to express something which is not in itself but in the words of the text, never for a moment transcending those words, carrying them, as music can carry words, into new regions. The ingenuity with which it is put together is like the ingenuity which a detective novelist expends upon his plot. The motives are woven with the utmost care: they return, cross, are combined, broken, exalted, turn to the sob of waves or the sound of wedding-bells; they add italics and capitals to all the points of the story; the web is intricate, and every mesh holds firm. But what of the material itself? It is pretty, common, and effective; it has everything that is obvious in sentiment and matter of fact in expression. The notes do not live, each with its individual life; they have been set in order for a purpose, as an accompaniment to a speaking voice and to the words of a poem.

Strauss has no fundamental musical ideas (ideas, that is, which are great as music, apart from their significance to the understanding, their non-musical significance) and he forces the intensity of his expression because of this lack of genuine musical material. If you intensify nothing to the *n*th degree, you get, after all, nothing; and Strauss builds with water and bakes bread with dust. "Tod und Verklärung" is a vast development towards something which does not come; a pre-

paration of atmosphere, in which no outline can be distinguished; a stage for life, if you will, but a stage on which life does not enter: the creator has not been able to put breath into his world. All the colours of the orchestra, used as a palette, flood one with their own fires and waves; it is as if an avalanche of water swept over one; but out of this tossing sea only here and there a poor little shivering melody puts up its head and clings half-drowned to a spar. I think of all the painters who have tried to paint without drawing, and I think of Blake's warning:

He who does not imagine in stronger and better lineaments, and in stronger and better light, than his perishing mortal eye can see, does not imagine at all. . . . Leave out this line (the bounding line, Blake calls it, the hard and wiry line of rectitude and certainty) and you leave out life itself; all is chaos again, and the line of the Almighty must be drawn out upon it before man or beast can exist.

Strauss, it seems to me, lacks this rectitude and certainty of the bounding line, and that is why his music washes over one without colouring one's mind with its own dyes. On coming back after listening to the music of Strauss, one's brain is silent, one's memory hears nothing. There is a feeling as if one had passed in front of some great illumination, as if one had feasted on colours, and wandered in the midst of clouds. But all is over, not a trace remains; there is no pulse ticking anywhere in one's body. One says calmly how interesting, how curious, this was; a new thing, a thing one must judge fairly, a wonderful thing in its way; but the instant, inevitable thrill, straight to the backbone, the new voice, which one seems to recognise when one hears it for the first time: where are these? If I cared more for literature than for music, I imagine that I might care greatly for Strauss. He offers me sound as literature. But I prefer to read my literature, and to hear nothing but music.

Strauss reminds me, at one time of De Quincey or Sidney Dobell, at another of Gustave Moreau or of Arnold Böcklin, and I know that all these names have had their hour of worship.

All have some of the qualities which go to the making of great art; all, in different ways, fail through lack of the vital quality of sincerity, the hard and wiry line of rectitude and certainty. All are rhetorical, all produce their effect by an effort external to the thing itself which they are saying or singing or painting.

Strauss, like De Quincey, has a great mastery over sensation. He can be bewildering, tormenting, enervating, he is always astonishing; there is electric fluid in his work, but all this electric fluid scatters itself by the way, never concentrates itself to the vital point. He gives you sensation, but he gives it to you coldly, with a calculation of its effect upon you. He gives you colour in sound, but he gives you colour in great blotches, every one meant to dazzle you from a separate angle; so that it is hardly extravagant to say, as a friend of mine said to me, that his music is like, not so much a kaleidoscope, as a broken kaleidoscope.

III

Strauss has many moments in which he reminds me of Schumann, and not only the moments in which he tries to bring humour into music. Turn from the "Annie" motive in "Enoch Arden" to the "Eusebius" of the "Carnival," and you will readily see all the difference there can be between two passages which it is quite possible to compare with one another. The "Annie" motive is as pretty as can be, it is adequate enough as a suggestion of the somewhat colourless heroine of Tennyson's poem; but how lacking in distinction it is, if you but set it beside the "Eusebius," in which music requires nothing but music to be its own interpreter. But it is in his attempts at the grotesque that Schumann seems at times actually to lead the way to Strauss. It is from Schumann that Strauss has learnt some of those hobbling rhythms, those abrupt starts, as of a terrified peasant, by which he has sometimes suggested his particular kind of humour in music.

"Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks" is meant to be a musical joke, and it is like nothing so much as a Toy Symphony, in which the toys are imitated by the instru-

ments of a full orchestra. This kind of realism, far from being a new development in music, was one of the earliest games of the art in its childhood. There never was a time when music did not say "Co-co-ri-co" and "Cuckoo." After Haydn, the joke began to seem outworn. Berlioz took it up again, with his immense seriousness, and brought terror out of pleasantry, and sublimity out of ugliness. Strauss has gone back to the mechanical making of humour. A descending major seventh represents, on Strauss' own authority, "Till strung up to the gibbet." When, as in "Feuersnot," Strauss writes a common little dance tune, and suggests to us, by the elaborate way in which it is developed, and by the elaboration of the surrounding music, that he means it for a realistic representation of the bourgeois as he is, I am reminded of Mr. George Gissing, and of his theory that the only way to represent commonplace people in art is to write about them in a commonplace way. That was not Wagner's way of working in "Die Meistersinger." That was not Balzac's way of working in "Les Paysans." In much of "Till Eulenspiegel" the orchestra jokes after the approved German fashion, *chimera bombinans in vacuo*. German humour is unrelated to any normal or, indeed, existing thing, it is spun out of the brain without the help of the senses. "Till" mocks with a vast inverted seriousness. But it is without beauty, and the grotesque becomes art when beauty comes into it. Look at the carvings in a Gothic cathedral, look at a Japanese bronze or a monster in a Japanese print. The delicacy which you will find there, lurking in those horrid folds, is what distinguishes great work from common, in the grotesque as in all other forms of art. It is the difference between Puck and the gnome painted on the walls of a German beer-cellar. Strauss tricks out his gnome with all the colours of the lime-lights, but the gnome remains a mis-shapen creature out of the earth, when the lights are over.

Yet how amazingly clever the thing is, how the orchestra unbends, plays pranks, turns head over heels for the occasion!

Music is a grave thing, and laughs unwillingly. Strauss compels it to do what he wants, and it does what he wants, with the ferocity of a caged wild beast doing tricks under the whip of the keeper.

Strauss does things with the orchestra which no one has ever done before; he delights you with his effects as effects, and though I am complaining of this very fact, I wish to credit him with all that it means, for good and evil. When people call Strauss' music ugly they are mistaking the question at issue. Technique carried to the point to which Strauss carries it has a certain incontestable value, and it matters little whether it is employed on good or bad material. There is such a thing as having a genius for technique, and while even genius for technique never produces a satisfactory result, the plain, simple result of greatness, it produces a result which is sufficiently interesting to detain you by the way. Strauss calls off your attention from the thing itself to the way in which the thing is done; yes, but I am prepared to admire, with all due reservation, the way in which it is done. The way in which Strauss writes for the orchestra gives me a separate pleasure, just as the way in which Swinburne writes verse, quite apart from what either has to say. Strauss chooses to disconcert the ear; I am ready to be disconcerted, and to admire the skill with which he disconcerts me. I mind none of the dissonances, queer intervals, sudden changes; but I want them to mean something vital, musically, I want them to convince me of what they are meant to say. The talk of ugliness is a mere device for drawing one aside from the trail. Vital sincerity is what matters, the direct energy of life itself, forcing the music to be its own voice. Do we find that in this astonishingly clever music?

I do not find it. I find force and tenacity, a determined grip on his material, such as it is, the power to do whatever he can conceive. But I feel that that constructive power which weaves a complex but tightly woven network of sound is at its best but logic without life; that though the main ideas (to

which, I am assured by a musical critic from whom I always regret to differ, "all the wonderful detail work is subservient") are expressed with admirable force and coherence, they are not great ideas, they are exterior, lifeless, manufactured ideas. In subordinating single effects to the effect of the whole he is only, after all, showing himself a great master of effect. He is that, as De Quincey is that, with the same showy splendour, the same outer shell of greatness. What I do not find in his work is great material, or the great manner of working; and as he sets himself the biggest tasks, and challenges comparison with the greatest masters, he cannot be accepted, as much smaller men can be accepted, for what they have done, perfect within its limits.

When Strauss takes the orchestra in both fists, and sets it clanging, I do not feel that sense of bigness which I feel in any outburst of Beethoven or of Wagner. It comes neither from a great height nor from a great depth. There is always underneath it something either vague or obvious. When an unexpected voice comes stealthily from among the wood-wind, or a harp twists through the 'cellos, or a violin cries out of an abyss of sound, it never "makes familiar things seem strange, or strange things seem familiar." It is all fearfully and wonderfully made, but it is made to satisfy a desire of making, and there is something common in the very effectiveness of the effects. All the windy, exalted music in "Feuersnot" is the same kind of writing as the florid Italian writing, the music of "Trovatore," mechanical exaltation, crises of the head, much more splendidly developed, from an even tinier point of melodic life. All this working up, as of a very calculated madness, may go to the head, from which it came; never to the heart, to which it was always a stranger. When I play it over on the piano, I get the excitement with which, if I were a mathematician, I should follow the most complicated of Euclid's problems. It would be untrue to say that I do not get from it a very definite pleasure. But it is a dry and dusty pleasure, it speaks to what is most superficial in me, to my

admiration of brilliant external things, of difficult things achieved, of things not born but made. It comes to me empty of life, and it touches in me no spring of life.

For my part, I know only one really reassuring test of the value of a work of art. Here is something on which time has not yet set its judgment: place it beside something, as like it as possible, on which the judgment of time seems to have been set, and see if it can endure the comparison. Let it be as unlike as you please, and the test will still hold good. I can pass from an overture of Wagner to a mazurka of Chopin as easily as from a scene in a play of Shakespeare to a song of Herrick. The one may be greater than the other, but the one is not more genuine than the other. But turn from the opera music of Strauss to the opera music of Wagner, and what is the result? I play twenty pages of the piano score of "Feuersnot," and as I play them I realise the immense ingenuity, the brilliant cleverness, of the music, all its effective qualities, its qualities of solid construction, its particular kind of mastery. Then I play a single page of "Parsifal" or of "Tristan," and I am no longer in the same world. That other flashing structure has crumbled into dust, as if at the touch of an Ithuriel spear. Here I am at home, I hear remote and yet familiar voices, I am alive in the midst of life. I wonder that the other thing could have detained me for a moment, could have come, for a moment, so near to deceiving me.

ARTHUR SYMONS.

THE PAINTERS OF JAPAN

V

IN the greater part of the eighteenth century and in the early part of the nineteenth, the Ukiyô school of painters was so crowded, and it became so divided into sub-schools, each following some distinguished master, that a clear historical account in the space at my disposal is a matter of difficulty.

The last paper brought us to Nishimura Shigenaga. Shigenaga's most important pupil was Suzuki Harunobu, one of the greatest painters the Ukiyô school has produced, and I think quite the finest colourist. Harunobu's work, in the beginning, was extremely like that of his master; indeed, the drawings in a small illustrated book in the British Museum would certainly be put to the credit of Shigenaga were it not for Harunobu's signature. But, with a very short period of transition, the younger painter developed his own manner—a manner which influenced in greater or less degree the style of every Ukiyô painter contemporaneous with his not very long career. Harunobu's drawing was of incomparable grace and suavity, and drawing, composition and colour, all informed with a striking distinction and great originality, took their parts toward results which often seem to touch the possible extreme in sheer simple elegance. It was Harunobu who brought to perfection the art of colour printing from the wood block—to such a perfection as has never been approached, before or since, by any manner of colour printing the world over. It was he who first went beyond the few tints on the main objects of the composition, and filled his whole picture, background and all, with

colour of such exquisite purity and harmony that it becomes an injustice to call the process printing at all, since the word has associations so mechanical. In fact, the manner of the work—in which no press is used : nothing but the skilled pressure of the hand on carefully painted blocks—would better justify its description as a process of water-colour by transfer. In these colour-prints Harunobu used many new pigments of his own devising, and proved himself a very magician in the art. The colours used before his time had all been transparent ; he thickened some to semi-opacity—and by that very means gained a degree of transparency that had never been known before. He could make almost any colour in his palette seem any other colour he chose by relation with the colours about it—make a purple seem a green, or an olive seem a brown. The first issues of his prints are of such exquisite workmanship as to make it seem probable that many of them were printed by his own hand. Some—very few—are unsigned ; but these are not, as has been supposed, invariably his best works. I have one which, while undoubtedly his own production, and good in itself, is inferior, I think, to every signed Harunobu in my collection. On the other hand, while many of his unsigned prints are very fine, it must not be assumed that every unsigned print in his manner, and of his period, is by Harunobu—a mistake almost invariably made. One or two of his pupils—notably Shiba Kokan and Komai Yoshinobu—produced unsigned prints in the master's manner, and probably in his studio—possibly by way of meeting a demand that was beyond the capacity of a single hand to satisfy. This belief in the superiority of unsigned prints in the Harunobu manner has gone so far that the very worst lot of imitations I have ever seen offered for sale (and I have seen some terrible things), modern, bad, and not in the least like anything that Harunobu could ever have done, were recommended in the auction catalogue as Harunobu's best work, simply on the ground that they bore no signature !¹

¹ It may be well to mention, in the matter of the many imitations of old prints which are offered to the amateur, that the very easiest thi in the

Harunobu's favourite subjects were small groups of girls, youths and children, with dainty backgrounds, sometimes of interior walls and furniture, sometimes of outdoor scenery. He never drew actors or theatrical scenes—subjects also avoided by a few other painters of the Ukiyô school. It is true that the actor and his profession were held in low esteem in old Japan, though both were popular enough with the less educated classes; but it was not precisely for this reason that Harunobu, Utamaro, and one or two more, refused to produce prints of popular actors, although, in fact, it was for a reason of pride. To the true artist subject matters nothing. But it was the case that large numbers of prints of actors were bought solely on account of the popularity of the subjects, and many inferior artists took advantage of this fact. Harunobu preferred to sell his work for its own sake, to stand on his own merits purely, and he disdained to cling to the skirts of any actor; therefore he chose such subjects as would leave whatever reward he might achieve the reward of his own art merely, and honestly his own. Nevertheless, many of the greatest among the Ukiyô painters drew the larger part of their subjects from the theatre; the whole Torii line in particular, and all of the Katsugawa school.

The specimen of Harunobu's work which has been photographed to illustrate this article is in what may be called the painter's middle manner. The drawing of the draperies, of the small hands, and of the flowering branch, is that of his mature

world to imitate is dirt; which, in fact, is imitated very cleverly for the deception of those collectors who suppose that a dirty print must be genuine and a clean one a forgery. I am reminded of one authoritative gentleman who not so long ago walked through an exhibition to which a number of prints in exceptionally fine condition had been contributed, denouncing *urbi et orbi* as modern copies the most brilliant examples shown, and selecting for his especial public approval such impressions as had sustained most misfortune in the way of dirt and damage. The separation of the genuine from the spurious is no such easy thing, and it calls for much rarer qualities and a greater experience than does the separation of the dirty from the clean; while the forger flourishes on the self-confidence of the smatterer.



Choryo and Kosekiko, represented by
girl and youth, from a kakemono by
Suzuki Harunobu (Writer's Collection)



Girls with mirror, from a
colour-print by Koriunsai
(Writer's Collection)

and final manner, but the faces show traces of his earlier style. The subject exhibits one of those curious transformations of classic legend in which many Ukiyô painters delighted. The incidents of the meeting of the Chinese hero Choryo with the sage Kosekiko are shown with a Japanese girl and youth taking the place of the legendary characters.

Of Harunobu's pupils the chief was Koriusai. His personal name was Isoda Shobei, and it is said by some Japanese authorities that he was first a pupil of Nishimura Shigenaga. If this be the fact the connection must have lasted but a very short time, and Koriusai's work shows no trace of it. The young painter acknowledged Harunobu's mastership by himself at first using the name Haruhiro. In his earliest work Koriusai so closely followed the manner of Harunobu that it is often necessary, even for an expert, to refer to the signatures to separate the works of the two men. Such pictures are rare, however, and the pupil before long began gradually to evolve a manner of his own, full of Harunobu's influence in the drawing, but nevertheless distinct. In his later work one perceives distinct signs of the influence of Kitao Shigemasa, a painter of whom I shall speak presently. Koriusai was an artist of a very high order, and a fine and original colourist, though in this latter respect he must rank below his master—as indeed must many another great painter. Perhaps Koriusai's great merit lay in his power of design. Nobody better filled those long narrow slips of colour prints called *hachirakaké* which were used to hang as a decoration to the external posts of houses; indeed, he designed more of these long prints than any other painter of his time.

Harushigé was another pupil of Harunobu—a pupil who held closer to his master's manner than did Koriusai. Delicate, elegant, sweetly drawn and admirably coloured, his pictures nevertheless lack the character and power of his master. Fujinobu and Komai Yoshinobu—the latter said to have been originally a pupil of Shigenaga—were other followers of great ability. But, next to Koriusai, the pupil

whose name is best known is Shiba Kokan. He was sometimes called the second Harunobu, and by some is said to have been the great Harunobu's son. He studied painting in the European manner, and also practised copper-plate engraving, a foreign novelty. His work coarsened and deteriorated in his later life, but at first he drew in the manner of Harunobu, and did it well. Now and again one may come across a very good unsigned print in Harunobu's style generally, but with the foliage of trees drawn in a convention almost wholly European. All these I believe to be the work of Shiba Kokan; some of them I am certain of. Harunobu died in 1770, Shiba Kokan in his seventy-second year in 1818, while Koriussai would seem to have died, or at any rate to have ceased working, soon after 1780.

It was not on his pupils only, but upon almost every contemporary Ukiyô painter, that Harunobu imposed his influence. Tsunemasa, a very important painter of his time, who produced no prints, exhibits distinct traces of the Harunobu manner throughout his work, and Tanaka Masunobu, a painter of high merit, whose works, whether paintings or prints, are exceedingly rare, sometimes produced a picture that only an expert judge could distinguish from Harunobu's work. Men of the Torii school also, and of the Kutsugawa school—even Shunsho himself—were infected by the prevailing feeling, and were ready enough to improve their drawing and colour by the study of Harunobu. Among the rest Ishikawa Toyonobu, an older man than Harunobu, but a fellow pupil with him under Nishimura Shigenaga, modified his manner in his old age in obedience to the general tendency. Toyonobu was born in 1710, and died at the age of seventy-four. He was one of the most important of the Ukiyô painters, and he founded a line which has survived to the present day. In the beginning, his drawing showed more traces of the manner of Okumura Masanobu than of his own master, though perhaps in colour he learned more from Shigenaga. The print which has been photographed as a specimen of his work belongs to his middle



Portrait of Taka-o, from a kakemono by Utagara
Toyoharu (Writer's Collection)



Girl with umbrella
from a colour-print
by Ishikawa Toyonobu
(Writer's Collection)

period, and is in his own personal style. Harunobu's influence came later.

Toyonobu had three pupils whose names have come down to us—Ishikawa Toyomasa, Utagawa Toyonobu, and Utagawa Toyoharu. Toyomasa was a son, but his work, though it has its merits, is altogether inferior to that of Toyonobu. It is not often met with, the best known examples being a series of twelve prints, illustrating the festivals of the months. A far superior artist was Utagawa Toyonobu, who, however, died young, and left but few pictures. More important than either was Utagawa Toyoharu, who afterwards became the master of Toyokuni and Toyohiro. Toyoharu's work is scarcely less rare than that of his fellow pupils. His prints, mostly produced in the early part of his career, are admirable, and his painting is among the richest and most elegant of the school. He had a genius for the composition of many figures together, though he drew a single figure with rare dignity. Always distinguished in line, composition and pose, his figures and their draperies exhibit a particularly charming harmony of colour. The specimen illustrated is notable in this respect, and I regret that I am unable to do more than indicate the scheme in words. The main colour of the outer robe is a warm brown, fading into pale blue in the circular spaces, which are decorated with flowers and foliage in natural colours—iris blue and green, maple green and crimson. There are two blacks on the *obi* (sash) and the tops of the large lanterns, giving an intricate pattern in the one case and marking the details in the other; the *obi* is further decorated with a delicate gold tracery, and the devices on the lanterns are blue. A touch of red escapes from the uplifted sleeve, but all the other under-garment edges are white, tempered, in the case of the inner collar, with pink and a hint of silver; while the white plum-blossom overhead is mingled with leaf and flower buds, green, brown and pink. The picture is a portrait of Taka-o, a famous beauty afflicted with a curious physical blemish in the redundancy of a finger on each hand;

it will be perceived that Toyoharu has concealed the hands in the drapery for this reason. In the original the features have, for those accustomed to the faintly-suggested expression of the Japanese pictured face, a strange shade of wistful pathos, which the etching process has succeeded in obliterating, together with some of the features.

Toyoharu was born in 1734 and died in 1813. He frequently used the name Ichiriusai.

A distinguished contemporary of Ishikawa Toyonobu was Tsukioka Settei, sometimes called Tsukioka Tangé, who also used the names Rojinsai and Masanobu. I have not been able to ascertain who was his master, but I have no doubt that it was a Kano painter, for his work—especially that in black and white—shows distinct signs of Kano teaching. He is best known as a book illustrator, or rather as the artist of certain books, of a kind common in Japan, called *E-hon*, made up of pictures, to which the slight explanatory text was wholly subordinate. Settei's books chiefly illustrate the ancient history and legends of Japan, and the exploits of famous warriors made a large part of his subjects. His drawing of such subjects was characterised by directness, simplicity, and strength, and he had a great ability in the expression of movement. But although his reputation is made to rest chiefly on his drawings of male figures in armour and the like, his female figures are at least as good, and his best book is the *Onna Buyû Keiwai Kurabé*, celebrating the heroism of eleven famous Japanese women. I am sorry that I have not the space to print a photograph of one of the drawings from this book, nor of an original picture. He died in the year 1786, aged seventy-seven, according to the majority of native authorities.

Settei's son, Tsukioka Sessai, was a painter of high merit, probably the equal of his father, so far as one may judge. His work would appear to be exceedingly rare, and I myself have only seen a reproduction of a drawing of his in the *Kokkwa* and one original painting which is in my own collection. Both

these are drawings of women, with features of the pleasing, regular and intelligent type seen in his father's work, but, I think, with a little more spirit of expression. In the latter, a geisha is discarding her outdoor robe before beginning a dance, and the picture exhibits notably graceful and sound drawing and fresh and bold colour. Sessai, who was given the rank of Hogen, died early in the nineteenth century.

A contemporary of Tsukioka Settei was Tachibana Minko, who also must have been a pupil of a Kano master. Indeed, I think it rather more than probable that his master—and, perhaps, his father—was Tachibana Morikuni. Tachibana Minko's work is so rare that I have been wholly unable to trace any surviving piece of it beyond his famous but seldom-seen book, the *Saigwa Shokunin Barui*, in two volumes, containing a series of double page pictures representing the various craftsmen of the country at their work. As a specimen of perfect colour-printing this book is very nearly, if not quite, the finest ever produced in Japan—which is as much as to say in the world. It was published in 1770, and it shows Minko's drawing to have been not strictly in the Ukiyô manner, but in a style midway between Ukiyô and Kano. The colour is admirable, and its application, as I have said, marvellous; so that it is often difficult to believe that it has been transferred from a block.

Through the second half of the eighteenth century the Ukiyô school flourished exceedingly. There were many leaders, each with his own sub-school about him, and their activity was extreme. One of the most important of these sub-schools was the Katsugawa. To trace its origin we must look back to Miyagawa Choshun, who, it will be remembered, left two sons, Miyagawa Choki and Miyagawa Shunsui. Some native authorities tell us that the latter taught a pupil called Katsugawa Shunsui, while others say that the two Shunsuis were the same, Miyagawa Shunsui changing his family name to Katsugawa late in life. I am inclined to believe the latter account of the matter. In any case Katsugawa Shunsui was

the first of the family to produce colour prints, and of these only a few, toward the end of his career. But his great pupil, Katsugawa Shunsho, was the designer of some of the finest prints of the century, and Shunsho drew about him a school of very able followers. At first, like all of his period, he was powerfully influenced by Harunobu, and indeed as regards his female figures the influence remained with him for some time. But ere long he "found himself," and in turn imposed his influence on a brilliant band of pupils. During the period of his most characteristic work in colour-printing, he devoted his brush almost exclusively to the theatre, and his many prints of actors in character are among the most beautiful that Japan can show. In the matter of colour Harunobu's influence was still visible when it had very largely disappeared from his drawing; but when he reached his full strength, drawing and colour alike were Shunsho's own. Where Harunobu had achieved fresh effects by thickening his tints to varying degrees of opacity, Shunsho showed a new way by using tints of a delightful softness and transparency, tints which sank into the paper with an effect of delicate limpidity that can be understood only by actual examination of good specimens. In his drawing, while he retained much of the grace and elegance which he had learned from Harunobu, he exhibited a vigour of his own—a vigour perhaps inspired by an intelligent study of the early Toriis. His original paintings are rare, although toward the end of his life he relinquished the production of colour-prints and painted solely. It is probable that this change of occupation was of the nature of a retirement from his profession, and that the paintings afterwards executed were few, and chiefly produced for his own pleasure and that of his friends.

Shunsho's chief pupil was Shunko, whose work is rarer than his master's, nearly always of equal quality, and usually so like it as to be indistinguishable save by the signature. Ippitsusai Buncho was another pupil, as able as Shunko and much more original. There is a wayward quaintness in Buncho's drawing



Portrait of actor in character, from a colour-print
by Toshinsai Sharaku (*Writer's Collection*)



Actor in character, from a colour-
print by Katsugawa Shunsho
(*Writer's Collection*)

—as there was in Shigenaga's—which is very charming to the true lover of a poem in lines and colours; and his colour is as fine as his master's. His pictures are rarer than those of any of his fellow pupils.

The most prolific of Shunsho's pupils was Shunyei, who was also one of the best. His style much resembles that of the master, but it shows a certain development, and frequently a looser, freer handling. Shunjo, Shunki and Shunkiu were pupils of smaller note. Shuncho was a pupil of very high merit indeed, but he worked almost wholly in the style of Torii Kiyonaga, a painter we have yet to consider. So did Shunzan, a pupil of Shunsho's later years. Lastly the young painter who as Shunsho's pupil took the name Shunro, became, after passing through many vicissitudes in art, and at least as many changes of name, the great painter now known the world over in the name of Hokusai. With him I shall deal in the next paper.

I may here mention an independent Ukiyô artist, an eccentric genius who took the name Toshiusai Sharaku, and for a year or so in the latter part of the eighteenth century designed colour-prints of actors in character. His own personal name was Saito Jurobei, and by profession he was a dancer of *Nô*—the word "dance" is a poor one for this noble performance, but it is the only word we have—in the retinue of Prince Hachisuka, of Awa. To some extent Sharaku may be considered the descendant in art of Shunsho, but he brought a frank, even brutal, originality to his work that does not commend him to those who confound beauty with prettiness. He was what we should now call a "realist," and he drew the portraits of contemporary actors as he saw them on the stage, with no flattery of the subject's personal beauty, but with great power and intensity of feeling. The greater part of his very few prints are portraits in bust, with backgrounds of silver which age has blackened, but I have seen one or two full-length figures. He appears to have taken to this work purely as an experiment, and, as I have said, he soon

returned to his earlier profession. Dr. Anderson, who fails to understand Sharaku's work, calls his drawing incorrect in detail, a criticism for which I have been unable to discover the smallest occasion. Sharaku's influence was very great—much greater than he is commonly given credit for—on contemporary and succeeding painters of theatrical subjects. The large actor-heads of Toyokuni and Kunimasa were drawn after his example, though it was in a less uncompromising manner, and with a greater regard to elegance of line and mass.

Contemporary with Shunsho, to some extent influencing him, and once at least collaborating with him in the production of a very fine book of colour prints, was Kitao Shigemasa. Some native authorities call Shigemasa a pupil of Harunobu, which I think altogether unlikely, while others give the credit of his teaching to Shigenaga, which may be nearer the truth; though there is no positive evidence even of this. Shigemasa lived to a great age, but he appears to have produced very sparingly. He was a calm and equable worker, and all he did bears the stamp of serene, deliberate mastery. He could express motion with intense force, and at the same time with an uncommon dignity; and he was a master of textures. His prints are rare and always good. He taught three very important painters—Kitao Masanobu, Kitao Masayoshi, and Kubo Shunman. Kitao Masanobu was a surprisingly versatile genius, for not only was he one of the most charming and accomplished painters of the Ukiyô school, but he is famous, under the name of Kioden, as one of the most eminent novelists of Japan, and a poet of high merit. He illustrated several important books in colours of extreme beauty. His large book of double-page prints of famous beauties (in its first edition) and his book of the hundred comic poets are the best, though perhaps in the former his style was not completely formed. He also issued a few small detached colour prints of much merit. But the rarest of all his printed work, and the finest, is to be seen in a very few colour prints of the full *ichimai-yé* size—nearly fifteen inches by ten. These are among the very



Group in a temple garden, from a colour-print by Torii Kiyonaga (Writer's Collection)

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rarest of all the Japanese colour-prints, and, indeed, among the thousands I have handled I have only seen two examples—both unsigned. Leaves detached from his large book of beauties are sometimes offered as specimens of these single-sheet prints, but they are different in style and treatment, and of an earlier period.

Kitao Masayoshi was Shigemasa's son. As often as not he called himself Keisai Masayoshi, and sometimes—chiefly on his seals—Shoshin. He owed his teaching partly to Tani Buncho, the founder of an important branch of the Chinese School, who also worked in the Kano manner, and to whom he was sent by his father to acquire the classical "grounding" that was always considered desirable for a Japanese painter, no matter of what school. The effect of Buncho's teaching is seen in much of Masayoshi's work, especially in certain volumes of sketches done with a very large brush in black, which are very little removed from the pure Kano in style. Some of his most interesting work is shown in his book *Riaku-gwa-shiki*, in which the pages are covered by a swarm of quick sketches, executed with amazing dexterity and extraordinary power of suggestion, in a stroke or two of the brush, and completed with a rapid touch of colour. Birds, flowers, fish, street scenes, ancient legends, comic groups—all are treated with equal mastery, and each within no more than two or three square inches of space. He also produced a good volume of drawings of fish, and some admirable landscapes.

Of Kubo Shunman I shall speak presently. Meanwhile we must return to the long-neglected Torii sub-school, which we left in the last paper at Torii Kiyohiro and Torii Kiyomitsu. Of Kiyomitsu's pupils it will only be necessary to name two—Kiyotsune and Kiyonaga. Kiyotsuné was a contemporary of Harunobu, and much influenced by him. His drawing was sweet and graceful, and his colour pure and harmonious. Specimens of any sort of his work are very rare, and notwithstanding that I have read somewhere a statement that his prints are "comparatively common" I have only seen three of them in my life.

Kiyonaga was not only a more important painter than his fellow pupil, but, I think, altogether the most important member of the Torii sub-school, and one of the greatest of the Ukiyô painters; he was the son of a bookseller, and almost from the first he struck out a line of his own. His drawing was unusually powerful, though its freedom and grace are the qualities that usually first strike the beholder. He painted theatrical subjects, scenes of ordinary life, and, exceptionally, scenes of legend and myth. It is in a certain series of large prints of ancient heroes that the force of his drawing is best to be observed, and it is in his figures of women and scenes of common life that his broad elegance is best exemplified. As a colourist he was boldly original also, and the equal of any painter of the Ukiyô school, with the possible exception of Harunobu. His influence over every contemporary Ukiyô painter was extraordinary — indeed it was even greater than that of Harunobu immediately before him. Nearly every Ukiyô painter to the beginning of the nineteenth century adopted Kiyonaga's manner at some period of his development, and some never relinquished it. He himself went through certain slight changes of manner before arriving at the mature and final style of which an example has been photographed for illustration.

Kiyonaga had a very able pupil in Kiyominé, who married a daughter of Kiyomitsu, and worked on well into the nineteenth century. His best work was done in his earlier years; later it coarsened, in conformity with the fashion of the early nineteenth century, though it never wholly lost its distinction. In his later years he dropped the name Kiyominé and adopted that of his late father-in-law; a proceeding which has given rise to much doubt and difficulty on the part of amateurs who have come suddenly upon a piece of work carrying the signature Kiyomitsu, but obviously executed long after the first Kiyomitsu's death.

But the painter on whom Kiyonaga exercised the greatest influence was not a pupil of his own, but of Shunsho. This artist, Katsugawa Shuncho, seems to have worked in Kiyonaga's



Girls with umbrella, from
a colour-print by Chobunsai
Yeishi (Writer's Collection)



Girl with child attendant, from a kakemono
by Kubo Shunman (Writer's Collection)

style almost from the beginning. There are prints by Shuncho which even an expert would call Kiyonaga's if they had been left unsigned. But as a rule there are subtle differences which experience teaches the eye to recognise. Shuncho has all Kiyonaga's grace and a large measure of his strength—but not all; and it is in this respect—the masculinity of Kiyonaga and the femininity of Shuncho, as one might say—that the chief part of the difference lies. There was much of his own, too, in Shuncho's schemes of colour. He was fond of restrained harmonies in grey, lilac and yellow, and on one or two occasions he achieved new and beautiful effects with a dominating note of pale rose.

Another pupil of Shunsho who fell into Kiyonaga's manner was Shunzan. In the matter of drawing he did not succumb so completely as did Shuncho, but his colour, though very good, is not so original as his fellow-pupil's; moreover, his work is more unequal. Still, though a poor Shunzan is only third-rate, a good one is fit to place with the best.

Kubo Shunman was never a pupil of Shunsho, as has been generally stated. Shigemasa was his only master, though I have seen none of his work which shows very notable signs of his parentage in art. Kiyonaga's is the influence almost everywhere to be detected, though Shunman was one of the most original painters of the school. There is a touch of fantasy—almost of weirdness—in a large part of his work, though in the example photographed the chief characteristic is a very splendid though sober colour. The reproduction, however, may be of service as indicating Shunman's style of figure-drawing in his latest period, though in justice to the artist I must say that the lines of the face of the chief figure are not his at all, but have been "put in," with great courage and no success, by the process-etcher. Shunman also used the name Shosado. A curious error, by the way, has been made with regard to this artist, owing to the fact the two characters *Shun* and *man* used in writing his name, may also be read as *Toshi* and *mitsu* respectively. This has led

Dr. Anderson to catalogue him as two separate artists—Shunman and Toshimitsu.

In the same list a somewhat similar mistake has been made in the case of the next painter of whom I have to speak, Chobunsai Yeishi; he has been counted as two men—Chobunsai in one place and Yeishi in another. He was a Kano painter originally, a pupil of Kano Yeisen, who, being attracted to the Ukiyô school, worked at first in the manner of Kiyonaga before developing from it a style of his own. In his later and more personal style, Yeishi showed a preference for tall figures, flowing drapery, elegant curves, and a bright, sunny colour, in which a lemon-yellow almost always had a leading part. His colour-prints, in the best impressions, are exceedingly beautiful, and equally charming are the best of his paintings. A characteristic example of his figure-painting is in the British Museum collection, being at present not catalogued. There is also another painting, of cocks fighting, numbered 1403. Toward the end of his life he abandoned the production of colour-prints, and took to painting. His work at this time had many of the contemporary characteristics of Hokusai. I have a portrait, painted by Yeishi, of his great contemporary Utamaro, which, in the flesh-painting particularly, might easily pass for a Hokusai of the Bunkwa period. To illustrate Yeishi's drawing I have selected a print of the time when he began to develop his own style, though the Kiyonaga influence is still plain enough.

Yeishi also used the names Hosoda Teruyuki, and he and his pupils are often conveniently grouped into a Hosoda sub-school. Three of these pupils showed high merit—Yeisho, Yeisui, and Rekisentei Yeiri.

I spoke a moment ago of Yeishi's contemporary, Utamaro. After Hokusai's no Japanese painter's name is so familiar in Europe as that of Utamaro. Kitagawa Utamaro was the son and pupil of Toriyama Sekiyen, also called Toyofusa. Toriyama Sekiyen was originally a Kano painter, pupil of Kano Chikanobu, who was a son of the great Tsunenobu. Sekiyen



Girls on the beach at Isé, from a colour-print by Kitagawa Utamaro (Writer's Collection)

published certain very admirable books of woodcuts, usually in the Kano style, but with traces more or less distinct of the Ukiyô manner. One book, however, *Zokku Hiakki*, a surprising collection of ghosts and goblins, was illustrated in a style almost purely Ukiyô. It is difficult to class him, but because of the gradual growth of the Ukiyô elements in his work he is usually placed with the Ukiyô painters. For long he was supposed to have been Utamaro's master merely, but documents have come to light proving the blood-relationship. Utamaro's first name, in fact, was Toriyama Toyoaki, but in a fit of remorse at certain youthful irregularities, he declared that he would not disgrace the patronymic he was no longer worthy to bear, and took the surname of Kitagawa. Later still he dropped the name Toyoaki and took that of Utamaro, which would seem to have been a sort of affectionate nickname for him as a child. His relationship to his master should, I think, have been earlier suspected from Sekiyen's preface to Utamaro's famous book of insects, where the affection expressed is more that of a father than that of a master, and where Sekiyen speaks of Utamaro's habit, as a child, of catching and examining insects, and of his own fear lest the boy might acquire a habit of killing the harmless creatures.

Utamaro, painting at first in the Kano style—traces whereof showed themselves in his drawings from time to time throughout his life—began his Ukiyô work, like all the students of his time, by imitating Kiyonaga. From this beginning, like Yeishi, he gradually evolved his own manner, the manner which his beautifully drawn figures and busts of women have made familiar to students of art in many countries. As a painter of the human figure in an exquisitely synthetic convention Utamaro has few rivals, East or West. Certain nude figures in some of Utamaro's pictures seem to be Greek, rather than Japanese. It is difficult to present examples, for on the rare occasions on which the Japanese drew the nude they did it with a frank simplicity that might shock the nerves of persons

who enjoy the blessings of our not very frank and not very simple civilisation : in other words, the Japanese of a century ago had not invented the fig-leaf ; an engine of manners which even the Japanese of to-day first encounters with emotions not so much of admiration as of stupefaction.

The example photographed is in Utamaro's latest manner—his manner of the first few years of the nineteenth century. The print is a celebrated one, and, indeed, it was so well received in its time that more than one inferior artist copied it to the best of his ability, including the signature, and so no doubt, hoped to aid Utamaro in stemming the tide of popular demand. I have seen more than one impression of these contemporary imitations, which are now and again bought by unsuspecting European amateurs. The plan of the forgers seems to have been to atone for the deception by giving as much colour—or rather pigment—as possible for the money. So the delicate green-grey of the sea becomes a coarse blue which clings about the heads of the figures like a troublesome curtain. And because it would take too much trouble—or too much ability—to draw the delicate feet and ankles as Utamaro drew them, the thick blue sea was brought across to hide them all. And here once more I must confess that the lines of those feet in the present illustration, together with the lines of many of the faces, are not altogether Utamaro's, but the result of unskilful collaboration in the process-office.

When Utamaro died—in 1806, as now seems to be certain—there was no cessation in the production of Utamaro prints. They were produced by a certain pupil—one Koikawa Shuncho—who married his widow, and who wrote his signature very well, but who could not fill in the rest of the picture quite as Utamaro had been wont to do. The prints of this second Utamaro, as he is usually called, are in bulk of a wholly inferior sort, though one or two, here and there, have a good deal of merit. But every inferior print carrying Utamaro's signature is not the work of this man. Beside the absolute forgeries, there are a number of prints designed in his studio



Coolies fording river with pleasure party, from a colour-print by Utagawa Toyokuni (Writer's Collection)

in his later years—or probably at the very end, when he was lying sick—which are sometimes partly, sometimes wholly, the work of his pupils. In particular, Hidemaro's hand may be traced in many of these prints, as sometimes may Kikumaro's.

Utamaro's chief contemporary and rival, after Yeishi, was Utagawa Toyokuni, pupil of Utagawa Toyoharu. Like Utamaro, Toyokuni began in the manner of Kiyonaga; or perhaps we should say in a manner derived from that of Kiyonaga. For Toyokuni was a younger man than any other of Kiyonaga's followers, and the influence was feebler in his time. Toyokuni worked in a succession of four or five varied manners, and I have printed a very decorative composition of his middle manner as an example of his work. The original is coloured in a harmonious scheme of grey, green, lilac, yellow and black. The best work of Toyokuni that I have ever seen, and one that places him in the first rank of Ukiyô painters, is a life-size portrait of an actor, drawn with an expressive subtlety of line and a marvellously suggested modelling that come as a great surprise on those—and they are not few—who, upon an acquaintance with his later work merely, are apt to consider Toyokuni a painter of secondary rank. It is a fact that Toyokuni is unequal, and the fact also that his later work is far from being his best. He coarsened toward the end, as did all his contemporaries. He is known chiefly as a painter of actors, and it is on his work in this department that his reputation must largely rest; but in his early and middle periods he executed many charming groups of girls and youths making holiday, and drew a certain number of admirable book illustrations. A curious tale has got about among European amateurs—I find it in Dr. Anderson's book—that Toyokuni was the first artist to employ purple in colour-printing. It is difficult to understand how anybody, who had once seen a reasonably representative collection, could repeat such a statement. From the time when other colours were added to the original red and green, purple was used by everybody—Kiyomitsu, Haru-

nobu, Shigemasa, Kiyonaga, Toyonobu, Toyoharu—every artist, in short, who designed colour prints.

Toyokuni's fellow pupil—some say his brother—Toyohiro, was in many respects his equal. He left the theatre alone, and drew illustrations to popular novels and painted groups of women, children, and ordinary subjects of passing life. He was the master of the landscape painter Hiroshigé. I am sorry that my space is insufficient to do him full justice, but the case is the same with nearly all the painters of this crowded school of Ukiyô. There are some who might well claim each a separate paper; and many artists of merit I have been unable even to mention.

All through this period during which we have seen the Ukiyô school developing, the older schools kept their way steadily. In the Kano school, late in the seventeenth century, Toshun, son of To-un, worked with an elegance not always aimed at by the painters of the school. He had a very fine sense of colour, and he sometimes painted with much delicacy in the Tosa style. Sokuyo was another able Kano artist of this time; and Tokinobu, son of Yasunobu, another. Chikanobu, son of Tsunenobu, as we have seen, was master of Toriyama Sekiyen; and a contemporary of Chikanobu, Takata Keiho, was a very original painter, with a manner all his own. The British Museum collection has a set of three kakemono by Keiho, which, though somewhat damaged, are good examples of his work. Keiho had among his pupils a very original and eccentric genius in Soga Shohaku. Painting first in the Kano style, he turned from that to the style of Sesshiu, then to that of Soga Jasoku, of whom he declared himself to be a re-incarnation. Lastly he formed a style of his own, largely based on that of Jasoku, and founded a school, which, however, did not long survive him. He used many names of curious significance, of which "The Modern Jasoku" was the most commonplace. He despised money, lived in poverty, and was suspected to be a little mad; but he was a painter of genius, with more than a little of the spirit of



Chinese sage in boat, from a kakemono by Soga Shohaku (Writer's Collection)

the old masters of the fifteenth century. The *Kokkwa* has a photogravure of a very fine screen decoration by Shohaku, containing the figure of a man attempting to catch a distrustful horse. Soga Shohaku died in 1783.

I have alluded to Tachibana Morikuni, a Kano artist of the early part of the eighteenth century, who published many of his drawings in books, in the form of woodcuts. Kano Shiushin and Kano Yeisen-in, or Michinobu, were notable painters later in the century.

In the Tosa school Tosa Mitsuyoshi and his two sons, Mitsuatsu and Mitsusada, were the chief painters; but in the Chinese school a greater activity prevailed. Riu-rikyo painted in the brilliantly coloured style of the Ming period, and his pictures are very highly prized in Japan. I am not aware of any genuine examples in this country. Chinnanpin, or Namping, a Chinese who became naturalised in Japan, produced many admirable works, which have been largely copied and imitated, and his signature and seals have been very extensively forged. Buson was another able painter in the Chinese style, but he had a superior contemporary in Taigado, a painter of great originality and power. A specimen of Taigado's work in monochrome is in the British Museum collection—a flower-study executed with a large brush. And among the finest productions of the Chinese school in the eighteenth century are the works of Soshiseki and Jakuchiu, painters of birds and flowers, very few of whose works have been seen in Europe.

ARTHUR MORRISON.

ADAM'S CURSE

WE sat together at one summer's end
That beautiful mild woman your close friend
And you and I, and talked of poetry.

I said, "a line will take us hours maybe
Yet if it does not seem a moment's thought
Our stitching and unstitching has been naught.
Better go down upon your marrow bones
And scrub a kitchen pavement or break stones
Like an old pauper in all kinds of weather ;
For to articulate sweet sounds together
Is to work harder than all these and yet
Be thought an idler by the noisy set
Of bankers, schoolmasters, and clergymen
The martyrs call the world."

That woman then
Murmured with her young voice for whose mild sake
There's many a one shall find out all heartache
In finding that it's young and mild and low.
"There is one thing that all we women know
Although we never heard of it at school
That we must labour to be beautiful."

ADAM'S CURSE

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I said, "It's certain there is no fine thing
Since Adam's fall but needs much labouring.
There have been lovers who thought love should be
So much compounded of high courtesy
That they would sigh and quote with learned looks
Precedents out of beautiful old books ;
Yet now it seems an idle trade enough."

We sat grown quiet at the name of love.
We saw the last embers of daylight die
And in the trembling blue-green of the sky
A moon—moon worn as if it had been a shell
Washed by time's waters as they rose and fell
About the starn and broke in days and years.

I had a thought for no one but your ears ;
That you were beautiful and that I strove
To love you in the old high way of love ;
That it had all seemed happy and yet we'd grown
As weary hearted as that hollow moon.

W. B. YEATS.

SONGS OF THE RUSSIAN PEOPLE

"They are a relief from literature—these fresh draughts from the sources of feeling and sentiment; as we read in an age of polish and criticism the first lines of written verse of a nation."—EMERSON.

FOR centuries a wealth of national epic and song has been accumulating and circulating orally amongst the Russian peasantry. With the development of railway communication, the increased centralisation of town life, and the spread of the reading and writing routine of school instruction, this national poetry will perhaps share the fate of that of other countries and cease to be. At present there is, fortunately, little sign of its decay. In the remote agricultural governments which compose the bulk of the spacious Russian Empire the truth of the national proverb, "Wherever there is a Slav there is also a song," finds ample confirmation. So excellent, too, are the performances of these untutored singers that they themselves are no mean critics. They listen to the musical liturgy in their churches much as the better classes follow their opera; and they have been known to absent themselves in a body from a village church where the singing was bad, observing that "they do not like goat chanting."

The Russian national songs may be conveniently classed under three headings: 1st, the metrical romances and epic

ballads known as the *builnĭ*, literally songs of "what has been," i.e., the story of something which has actually happened; 2nd, the *horovodĭ*, or choral songs to be heard all over Russia, and of a type not met with elsewhere in Europe; 3rd, the solo lyrics or *piessnĭ*, which, unlike the *builnĭ*, have no historical basis, but emanate simply from the daily round of poverty and necessity, of hopes and fears closely connected with the domestic life of the singers.

Few nations are found to be wholly devoid of national epics. They have usually taken a written form very early in their country's history. In Western Europe the transcription was already accomplished during the middle ages. Thus the national epics of the West are known to the modern world in written form only, their strains having long since faded from the memory of the people. The *builnĭ*, on the contrary, have been collected for the first time by Russian philologists and musicians during the last fifty or sixty years. Exception must be made of the eleventh-century *builnĭ* of "Prince Igor."¹ But "Prince Igor" is decidedly the work of one person alone, and therefore lies beyond the category of the anonymous songs of the people. It is, however, extremely interesting to note that, in the opening lines of this poem, its author announces his intention of singing "in the present style of the *builnĭ*, and as "Prince Igor" bears internal evidence of having been written during the actual lifetime of its hero, it is conclusive that the *builnĭ* were in vogue upwards of a thousand years ago. Collectors have grouped the most important of them into five cycles. The heroes of the first are of a mythical nature; giants who can at will assume the shape of animals, birds or reptiles. Yet, underlying all their supernatural deeds and colossal strength, these beings exhibit a strong resemblance to the peasant singer himself. They plough and dig and delve; they brew *kvass* and *pivo*, the native beer, and steam themselves in the public vapour baths, to this day so popular amongst the Russian

¹ The first English rendering of "Prince Igor" in its entirety is the recent work of Mr. Leo Wiener in his "Anthology of Russian Literature."

peasantry. In their forests they hunt the marten and the sable, and in their rivers they catch salmon and sturgeon. One of these songs relates of "Volga Vseslavitch the Enchanter," and told as near as may be in English prose, it begins thus:

"The red sun had sunk behind the sloping hills and behind the deep seas, and the stars shone clear in the heavens above. Then was born in Holy Russia Volga Vseslavitch, the son of Mārfa Vseslavievna and a dragon. Mother Earth shook, and the wild animals hurried to the forest; the birds mounted to the sky, and the fish hid in the depths of the sea. At an hour and a half old Volga spoke thus to his lady mother: 'Bind me in no swaddling-clothes, neither girdle me with silken bands. But girt me round, little mother, with strong steel mail; on my head set me a heavy mace of lead, in weight 300 poods.'¹ In due time Volga learned wisdom and all cunning and divers tongues. At fifteen years he chose a bodyguard, great and brave—thirty heroes in all, save one, and he was that one. And he spoke to them: 'Listen, friends, to your lord; ye shall weave silken snares, and spread them on the damp earth, within the dark forest, and ye shall catch martens, foxes and black sables for the three whole days and nights,' etc. etc.

The second cycle centres round Kièv and the great deeds of Vladimír, its famous prince. Kièv was the cradle of Russian nationality, and in its numerous *builni* Vladimír occupies something of the combined rôles of King Æthelberht and King Arthur. His very name, signifying possessor of the world, testifies to his prowess. Vladimir married a Christian princess of Byzantium, became a Christian himself, and introduced the faith into Russia, causing his people—so run the *builni*—to be baptized in the river Dnepre in thousands. A curious mixture of paganism and Christianity is perceptible in the songs of the Kièv cycle. It was as if, when accepting Christianity themselves, the peasants also subjected their former gods to baptism. Thus Perun, the god of thunder of the former cycle, now becomes Ilya or Elijah, the prophet of the true God. Elijah is one of the most prominent saints in the Russian calendar, and many of the peasants have a quaint belief that, should God cease to rule the world, Elijah will succeed him.

The third cycle is that of Novgorod (new city). Novgorod

¹ A pood is equal to 36 lb. English.

on Lake Ilmen was equally renowned with Kiév. It never fell under the Tartar yoke, and was especially noted for its independent spirit and its commercial supremacy; it was included in the Hanseatic League, and lay upon one of the old high roads of trade from East to West. It must in no wise be confused, however, with Nigni or Lower Novgorod of later date and bazaar fame. The heroes of the Novgorod cycle are merchants, or "rich guests" as the *builni* phraseology has it; they are scholars and musicians into the bargain, singing in the churches and feasts, and performing upon the *gouzli*, a kind of dulcimer known in Russia from the earliest times. A most characteristic series of *builni* in this cycle tells the adventures of SSadk'o, the poor *gouzli*-player. One of them runs as follows:

SSadk'o was a poor *gouzli*-player. To play at honourable feasts, to amuse joyous companies of rich people with his songs and with his music, such was his livelihood and consolation.

But it happened once that SSadk'o was called to never a feast. Three days passed, and still SSadk'o remained uncalled. Sadly therefore went SSadk'o to Lake Ilmen, and there he sat upon a red sand stone and played upon his *gouzli* and sang.

Then suddenly the waters of the lake rocked and tossed, and its billows surged to the shore. SSadk'o was frightened. Quickly he ceased his song and hastened back to Novgorod.

One day and another and again a third passed, but still SSadk'o was called to no feasts, and again in sorrow he reached the shore, and again the waters rocked and tossed, and SSadk'o was once more sore afraid.

Each day the lonely SSadk'o returned mourning to the lake and sang sad songs and played upon his *gouzli*. Then the waters rocked and tossed again as if in tribulation, and either it was that SSadk'o forgot his fear in sorrow, or else he had not time to flee.

And behold the Tsar Vodyanoy¹ emerged from the waters and stood and thanked SSadk'o for all his sweet singing; and promised him a great reward.

"SSadk'o, hasten thou back to Novgorod. Again shalt thou be present at honourable feasts, and thou shalt wager with the rich merchants. Wager with

¹ Water King.

them that there are golden-finned fish in Lake Ilmen. The merchants will laugh and scorn, but at the bottom of Ilmen are truly many marvels, which Tsar Vodyanoy reveals only to his beloved ones."

Then SSadk'o returned quickly to Novgorod, and truly he was again bidden to an honourable feast, to amuse the joyous guests, and they satisfied him with wine. And drunk with wine, SSadk'o sang :

"I know the greatest of marvels. Deep down in Lake Ilmen swarm golden finned fishes."

But the rich merchants answered with one voice : "No, no such marvel can ever be."

Now SSadk'o proposed his wager—yet what was he but a poor *gousli*-player—and what else had he to stake but his own poor noisy, tipsy head? And his head it was that he staked.

"Ye rich merchants," he cried, "stake me three bales of precious wares against my head."—This did they right readily, so sure were they of their wager.

Together then they all went to the lake. And SSadk'o lowered a net. And behold he drew it full of golden-finned fish, and again, and again twice more he lowered, and each time there returned a draught of golden finned fish.

And so the rich merchant gave SSadk'o three bales of rich wares. And from that time SSadk'o began to trade. He traded and took great profits. And thus it happened that SSadk'o, the poor *gousli*-player, became one of the rich merchant guests of Novgorod.¹

The fourth and fifth cycles of the *builni* date from the foundation of Moscow and the conquest of Siberia by the Don Cossack Yermak. Amongst these ballads are songs concerning Ivan the Terrible, the false Dmitri ; Boriss Godounov, and the latter's daughter Xenia. Outside these definitely chronicled cycles there exist many other later *builni* from the time of Peter the Great onwards. Their composition is said to have been current as late as the Napoleonic invasion. The *builni* metre is unrhymed, and very free and changeful in its cadence.

¹ Mr. Leo Wiener traces the SSadk'o legend to French origin ; if this be the case, the story has nevertheless assumed a thoroughly Russian garb.

Their tunes are of a recitative character and mostly in the major key, and their tonality is decidedly foreign to ears unaccustomed to the Greek Church modes of which they are probably an offshoot. No accompanying instrument is requisite. The professional rhapsodists or minstrels who wander through the country plying their trade can continue one long chant for an hour or so at a stretch.

The *builni* are plainly the echoes of Russia's history resounding in the mouths of the people. The *horovodi*, or choral songs, seem more the outcome of the sharply defined changes which mark the Russian climate and weather. These changes tell forcibly upon the peasant's imagination, and just as each season brings its own labours and occupations, so it has equally its own appropriate *horovodi*. After a long spell of drought, or when for months nothing but snow has fallen, the first rain brings something of surprise and almost joy, and the young girls welcome it by traditional "rain" *horovodi*. The advent of spring, with its budding trees and lengthening days, is greeted with an outburst of delight. "Come, Spring, beautiful Spring, come with joy, bring the tall flax and grain, plenty of young sprouting grain."

There are the cuckoo christening, and the swallow and the nightingale *horovodi*, or the Easter and Whitsuntide songs, upon which follow the Midsummer *horovodi*, with a glad note in praise of the sun, now arrived at the zenith of its ascent, and a sad refrain to mourn its rapid descent towards winter. Those who are acquainted with the Russian legend of Snegoùrka will remember that the peasant-girls were singing their Midsummer *horovodi*, now glad, now sad, in the woods and groves when the snow maiden Snegoùrka suddenly vanished from their sight. There are, as is natural, any number of harvest *horovodi*; their gist is usually :

"Our fields, our fields, our yellow fields of corn
Ripen, ripen, ripen quickly;
Fill out, corn ears, grow fat and golden bright,
You know nought of the sorrows of him who planted you."

Beside the above mentioned, there are the soldier *horovodi* sung on the march, or those of the different trades and crafts. In singing them the sexes rarely mix, men and women each having their own particular words and tunes; they group themselves together in two, three, or sometimes even four or five choruses and station themselves in different parts of the fields or woods or on the banks of lake or stream. One group of singers starts and leads, the others gradually joining and answering each other, turn and turn about. In this way a veritable mesh of song is intertwined and woven; and the listener cannot fail to be struck by the simple beauty displayed in the artistic blending of the voices, which, it must be remembered, are totally guiltless of training.¹

We now come to the *piessni*, or solo lyrics, chiefly sung to the thrumming accompaniment of the *balalàika*, or native guitar. These little songs often offer a faithful insight into the thoughts and moods of the Russian peasantry. In one line or strophe we catch a glimpse of their occupations or of the landscape which surrounds them. Here is a shepherd song taken down in the government of Vladimir, in the very heart of the country :

“ Near the green wood, near the fir,
Near the little Turkish town
There lies a valley ;
And wide it is,
In this valley, in this valley wide
Little purple flow'rets grow apace ;
And in this valley, in this valley side
A young shepherd tends his sheep,
His sheep he tends.”

In another song is chronicled a village tragedy, common, alas, to other lands than Russia :

“ Before the door the fir-tree rocks, rocks to and fro ;
Ay, loùli, loùli, loùli li !

¹ The word *horovodi* is possibly derived from a combination of the Russo-Greek *horo-chorus* and the Russian verb *boditi* to lead.

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And at the door fair-haired Doñniushka stands laughing, laughing, and she ;

Ay, loùli, loùli, loùli li !

When the Boyàr's son to the threshold comes.

Ay, loùli, loùli, loùli li !

He stops, he stands, he speaks to laughing little Doñnia.

Ay, loùli, loùli, loùli li !

Let us play and dance together, Doñnia, my little fair one dear,

Ay, loùli, loùli, loùli li !

I will take thee to myself, my laughing Doñnia dear.

Ay, loùli, loùli, loùli li !

But Doñniushka was frightened, was frightened and alarmed.

Ay, loùli, loùli, loùli li !

When evening came her head ached sadly, no more laughed she !

Ay, loùli, loùli, loùli li !

Towards midnight for the priest asked Doñniushka ;

Ay, loùli, loùli, loùli li !

And in the morning the great bell tolled ;

Ay, loùli, loùli, loùli li !

Hush ! to her grave they are taking fair-haired, laughing Doñnia !

Ay, loùli, loùli, loùli li !

Before the door the fir-tree rocks, rocks to and fro,

Ay, loùli, loùli, loùli li !

And the Boyàr's son stops, he stops, he stands !

Ay, loùli, loùli, loùli li !

Ah ! Forgive, forgive me, poor wee Doñnia, forgive me, fair one !

Ay, loùli, loùli, loùli li !

It is generally conceded by those who know the Russian peasant best that he has a method and style of getting drunk quite his own. He gets intoxicated, by the way, much more rarely than is supposed. But when he does indulge in a fiery bout of *vodka*, it seems to kindle his kindly emotions and sensibility rather than to brutalise him ; he is affectionate and sympathetic and always very vocal when in his cups. The following "drunken" song—to give the exact equivalent of the original Russian—was heard in the Tulla government :

" Oh, it isn't sleep that bows my head,

It's the drink, the drink that's in it !

And it foment's there, and will not out !

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1

But I'll up and away to the valley
Where the wild red raspberries grow ;
And meet a little Cossack girl from the Don

I'll ask her to show me whither this footpath leads
To the forest dark or the open field,
The open field of the ripe, bright corn.

And she'll show me whither the footpath leads,
To the thick green bush where the nightingale sings,
And my father will call, will call me home !

Call away, old chap, call away and shout,
You'll not see me home to-day nor to-morrow,
And I'll only come when the morning dawns grey !"

Unfortunately it is next to impossible in a translation to give more than a bald outline of the poetic merits of these folk-songs, which indeed owe much of their charm to the euphony of the Russian language itself. The stuffed nightingale of the taxidermist is, after all, but a poor exchange for the free songster of the wood. Love-songs abound, many of them beautiful, and very touching are many of the Russian wedding-songs and funeral laments. The quaint marriage rites and burial ceremonies to which they form a pendant clearly point to a pagan origin. There are also the spell and charm songs, for witches and wizards remain in great request. The Russian peasant, whilst extremely devout, has a strong element of prudence in his nature. Hence, when he calls in the priest to invoke a blessing upon his cattle or his corn, he also engages a sorcerer to chant a spell in the Devil's name !

The tunes both of the *horovodi* and the *piessni* are very irregular in their rhythm, such curious rhythms as 7-4, 9-4, 5-6 or 3-2 being often employed in quick succession in one tune. The regular dominant tonic harmonies with which students of English or German folk-tunes are familiar are seldom heard in a Russian melody.

The Russians, in the phenomenally rapid development of

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their music as an art, have troubled themselves, perhaps, too little with its scientific aspect ; in this they are the extreme opposites to ourselves ; for music was a science in England centuries before we began producing, as we are now doing, composers who feel it to be a vibrating, emotional art. That Russian music is intensely national no one can deny ; its composers, however, careless of theory, neglectful of science, would themselves find it hard to explain wherein lies the technical secret which gives their work its peculiar savour. From Glinka onwards, the rhythm and harmonisation of the Russian folk-song, its colour and character, have been, broadly speaking, the foundation of the Russian school, and the subjects chosen for their operas, ballets or symphonic poems of such composers as Dargomoushki, Borodin, Moussorski, Tshaïkovski, Glazounov or Rimski-Korssàkov, reveal many an inspiration from the old time *builni*. The Russian tunes seem to start haphazard upon any degree of the scale, the super tonic being a favourite beginning. A minor key predominates. The late Yury von Arnold, an eminent Russian authority upon the subject, considered the minor mode to indicate a comparatively modern date of origin.

According to him, the most ancient Russian folk-songs were always sung in the major ; it was only later on, when generations of these humble singers had been bowed, first under the foreign yoke of the Tartar, and then under the still harder native yoke of serfdom, that a distinct minor cadence crept into their songs, the inevitable outcome of their suffering existence. And his idea was that the singers unconsciously invented a minor mode of their own by simply inverting the intervals of the major scale, starting from the dominant. This at once supplied them with the intervals of what Yury Arnold styles the pure minor scale, that is, a minor scale without the raised 7th, which is so characteristic of modern music. Melgounov and Kazanski, both musicians who have devoted their studies to the question of the peculiar harmonisation of the Russian national melodies, share the opinions of Yury Arnold, and

maintain that, by inverting the major scale from the dominant, the key to the modulation of their native folk-songs is easily supplied.

If analysed thus, the Russian folk-song and, indeed, much of the modern Russian music, is found to be strictly diatonic as well as logical in its progressions, and not full of chromaticisms and barbaric intervals, as would at first strike an unaccustomed casual ear ; it is also easy to trace in the folk-song the germs of the curious descending cadences which occur again and again in the music of Tshaïkovski for example, and an entirely new light is thrown upon the relationship of keys, those most remote from each other in Western tonality often becoming the most intimate, and *vice versâ*. Thus, in the Russian system, the nearest keys to C major would be G minor or B major, and so on, which suggests very curious combinations of harmonic colour.

Except a few publications by the theorists already mentioned, no special books of Russian harmony have yet appeared ; a work illustrating and following up the peculiar harmonic progressions of the folk-song as developed and elaborated in the modern national school of music would be of immense value, and would not fail to help foreign critics to a more intelligent comprehension of the spirit of Russian music than they at present possess. In music, as in everything else connected with Russians, an entirely European point of view is worse than useless, and only leads to an utterly false and superficial estimate. We have to remember that modern Russia is a nation with national characteristics developed much later than other European nations, and that the elements which form what we term the national Russian character are neither European nor Asiatic, but the result of a comparatively modern fusion of the spirit and traits of both continents. The traits of nations are bewilderingly multifold. What shall we say then of the traits of continents ? To understand Russia and Russian art we must know something at least of some portions of Europe and of Asia and be able to imagine a blending of the two.

As this article is intended as a sketch of the songs proper to Russia alone, no allusion has been made either to the songs of Finland or Esthonia, where a Scandinavian element is often perceptible, or to the *doumki* (thought-songs), so much sung by the women of Little Russia, and possibly imported thither from Poland, or again to the melodious gipsy songs of the *Oukrainia*, which are certainly not purely Russian. One result accruing from even a cursory study of these Russian traditional popular tunes is, that we are enabled to regard the masses of the Russian people from another and a happier standpoint than that of a down-trodden, persecuted race of ill-conditioned beings. If we only knew where to seek it, there is surely light as well as shade in every human life, and the secret of a good picture is to avoid exaggerating either the one or the other. The gloomy shadows and terrors which encompass the Russian peasant's existence have been so frequently and powerfully delineated, that it is well just for once now and then to catch a ray of the sunshine which also undoubtedly illuminates that existence, and is, moreover, its great moral purifier.

A. E. KEETON.

JAMES SUTHERLAND LIMITED

THE gentle art of Advertising, particularly when it takes that delicate and difficult form of Self-advertisement, is perhaps not one of the most respected or altruistic accomplishments, but it is certainly one of the most lucrative. The advantage of the whole system is that it hardly matters at all what a man advertises, so long as his advertisements are sufficiently large and persistent; if one advertised earwigs in a really masterly manner, they would soon be found to supply some nearly universal need. Earwig-farms—Sir John Lubbock tells us they are excellent mothers—would become fashionable, and would prove indispensable at mothers' meetings. They only need a gifted advertiser.

These unimpeachable platitudes may serve to introduce one of the most gifted self-advertisers of this or any other century or country, James Sutherland, that pinnacled composer of fiction, whose voluminous works, dealing as they do with the great facts of life, command so envied a sale. Nowhere else does the enterprising reader find so uncompromising a foe to earls, bishops, and people of fashion, nowhere else so well equipped a champion of struggling and heaven-born geniuses, scullery-begotten poets, and, in fact, what he himself calls the great heart of the country. He constructs on the gigantic scale; heaven, earth, and the things under the earth, are grist to his insatiable mill, so that with so various a feast spread afresh about every six months, it is no wonder that myriads of guests besiege and clamour for dinner tickets. Three and sixpence is

the (really nominal) price of these volumes, for James Sutherland considers that publishers are sharks, and that to publish in six-shilling form is but to throw an extra half-crown to these devouring fish. Why he brought out an autobiography at a guinea is harder to explain; but no doubt Mrs. Eddy, of the Christian Scientists, could tell us.

It is however idle to speak further of his works, which are far too well known to need any gratuitous advertisement of mine; all I wanted to point out was that even so great an artist as this owes, or rather owed, far more to his brilliant self-advertising gifts, than to his meteoric style and range of subject. It was he too who brought to perfection the supreme method of all, namely, to advertise himself by expressing on all occasions, particularly public ones, his horror of self-advertisement. The principle is the same as that of the poster which says in large capitals "DON'T READ THIS."

It was in the year 1896 that I first met him, playing golf with phenomenal inability at Brighton, and I could scarcely believe that this ruiner of guttapercha, so infirm of execution, could be the voluminous Sutherland. Dressed in shabby flannels, with an anguished face which would have done credit to one of his detested earls, he smote and he smote, and the ancient County of Sussex flew in fits in every direction. Every now and then, however, when his stroke was less ill-directed, the lines of anguish melted, and a perfect peace irradiated his intelligent features. "I think I'm improving a little," he would say.

The fact was, of course, that there were two James Sutherlands—one the professional writer, the other the private individual, totally distinct from his uncongenial twin. And never have I met so delightful a person. He was then about forty, all fire and vigour and general incompetence, enthusiastic to bursting-point over a hundred pursuits, going on tiptoe into the garden bushes to catch sight of a piping robin, always sneezing or stumbling resonantly at the critical moment and frightening the bird away, choosing investments for his money

out of the *Financial News*, and losing it even quicker than he made it (which is saying a great deal, since his was the pen of a ready writer), always keen, always with a rose-coloured world to gaze at and admire.

But James Sutherland the professional writer! Words fail me to pourtray that dismal and pompous personality.

"Yes, I have a mission," he said to me once. "I know I have a mission. Look at the sale of my books! And I have just heard from my publisher that 150,000 of my new books have been subscribed for. That means Influence, and Influence means Responsibility."

And he heaved an awful sigh.

By this time I knew him well, and sat down to make myself unpleasant.

"I should like to know exactly what you imagine your mission to be," I said, "if your published works contain the spirit of it. You sent me one yesterday, 'Modern Babylon,' your last, I think. Well, I read it, I read every bitter word of it. Now let us take for a moment the Duke of Hampshire out of that work. Does he seem to you like a real person of any sort whatever, Duke or otherwise? Did you ever see or hear of a person like that? For myself I do not believe that any one drinks Chartreuse for breakfast, a table beverage it appears, or lights his cigarette with a bank note. That's not even original, it comes in Ouida, I think."

"You don't understand," said the professional James Sutherland. "The lesson is this. I believe that the aristocracy of England is in a very bad way: it is loose in morals, extravagant, idle, vicious. I have to convey that to the masses. Perhaps one exaggerates; but the art of writing fiction, so I take it, is like that of the scenepainter. It has to be laid on thickly, boldly, in strong lights and deep shadows."

"Another prominent character," said I, dragging him back, so to speak, to his own work, "is that of Enid, the game-keeper's daughter. (By the way, the air is never really darkened at a battue.) She has eyes like Athene. Now is

Enid with the eyes of Athene really characteristic of the gamekeeper's daughter? She says 'Methinks.' Why? She talks in hendecasyllables. She is waylaid by the Duke of Hampshire at the Achilles statue in Hyde Park, and is rescued by a banker's clerk with Apolline curls. Now what does it all mean?"

"Not Apolline curls," said the real James Sutherland, peeping out for a moment as quick as a lizard. I hailed him with rapture, but the pompous twin had already whisked him back into the crevice.

"Yes, Apolline curls," I said. "Now when you are yourself you don't think about Apolline curls; you think about robins and golf balls, and children, and your dinner, like a proper man."

"But I have also my work to do," said he; "and if I have not a message, why do my books sell so? People want them."

"People want gin and other things as well," said I; "they want all sorts of things that are harmful, and all sorts of things that are nasty and stupid. But the gin-distillers, if one went to talk to them, would not make one sick with talking about their message or their mission. They would say, like honest men, 'There is a demand for gin, which we propose to supply.' They also advertise their wares; they know that advertisements mean sales. So do you."

"My dear fellow," he said, "how can you be so unfair? I abhor self-advertising; I always set my face against it. If you knew the number of interviewers I refuse to see——"

"And the number of times you let it be known that you refuse to see them," said I.

Again for a moment the real man peeped out.

"By God," he said. Then the professional added, "It is part of my system to let it be known that I strongly object to interviewers and advertisers."

This was said with a certain dignity, so that I wondered afresh at the strange duality of the man. But almost without

a pause he took up a formal-looking piece of foolscap and handed it me.

"I should like to know what you think of that scheme," he said.

The scheme was one of the most extraordinary I have ever read. It was the draft of the prospectus to turn James Sutherland, author, into a Limited Company. In other words he was to sell his output of fiction to the company for a fixed annual income of £3000 in addition to a thousand shares in himself. The company—I saw that his publisher, the editor of a well-known weekly, and the head of a thriving house in the City, were among his Directors—would own, publish, sell and reap the profits of all the fiction he produced, in which beyond his thousand shares he would have no interest. Two stipulations only were made: one was that he should not part with the thousand shares he held in the company. This was reasonable, since it safeguarded the company against his laying down his pen and saying that he would write no more, for in that case his thousand shares would yield no dividend. The other was that he should embark on no other profession.

"I never heard of anything so extraordinary," I said, "and your directors are good people."

"It seems to be sound," said he, "but I can make the advantage of it plainer to you. I earn on an average about £4000 a year, but I have to earn it, and I often feel that I want a holiday and can't take it. Well, under this scheme £3000 a year is secured to me, and I feel sure that if I worked less my work would be better, and that I desire. Now here comes in the psychological point. I am weak, and though I know my work would be better, I cannot stop. A firm writes to me and makes an offer. Well, I am in the mill, and I have to say 'yes.' I can't bring myself to say 'no,' and so I go grinding on, year in, year out, with scarcely a month's holiday in the year. Now under this scheme that temptation will be removed. I like my work far too well to be idle: I shall certainly not be that, but I shall have no monetary interest at

stake, except the dividends from my thousand shares. That will be a great relief; my art," he added with hideous pomposity, "will be exercised solely for art's sake."

He got up, and the real man, who had been peeping out at intervals during this speech, showed himself. "I shall really try to do something decent," he said; "I shall study more, and, oh Lord, I shall have a cottage in the country, and keep pigs. I adore pigs."

Then we went further into the figures. The company was a very small one, consisting indeed of only 20,000 shares of £1. Of these 5000 were to be four per cent. debentures, the rest ordinary shares. Now at present James Sutherland earned £4000 a year, and his publishers, according to the prospectus, earned as much more out of his works. Thus his present dividends amounted to about £8000 a year, of which under the scheme £5000 would be available for shareholders, after his assured income of £3000 was paid. Without working expenses that would yield a profit of 25 per cent., of which, however, the 5000 debenture shares absorbed only five per cent., leaving an extra 20 per cent. on 5000 shares for distribution among the ordinary shareholders. Then comes the question of working expenses, which, so the directors said, must be largely discounted against the increased prices they felt certain of getting for Mr. Sutherland's work in America and the Colonies, prices which he, as an artist and a gentleman, had been unable to ask, but which they, as business men, felt confident of obtaining. Furthermore, the estimate of profits given above were those which at present were made after all publisher's expenses were paid, and though the new company would have to spend a certain amount in initial ways, yet there was no development work, so to speak, to be done. The market already existed. A private letter also from one of the directors told James Sutherland that they were confident of getting far more for his work, which would give a substantial value to his thousand shares. That, however, was their affair, a trade secret. Meantime if Mr. Sutherland saw his way to

accepting their offer, the company would be immediately formed.

Within a very short time this was done, and the prospectus issued. The success of it was immediate. Applications for more than ten times the number of shares issued were received by the directors, and the James Sutherland Limited began at once to be an active share on the Stock Exchange. The novelty of gambling in that which did not yet exist at all, i.e., James Sutherland's output for 1899 for instance, resident at present, if anywhere, in the beef and mutton he should eat in a year's time, was irresistible to the merry bears and bulls. The favourable reception of the prospectus had sent the shares up to nearly four, and then, before even the allotments were made, a sudden bear-raid was formed against it. Private rumour was busy; it was believed in well-informed quarters that the subscription for Sutherland's new book, which had been acquired by the Company, was a great disappointment; further, that it was altogether in a new style, a sober and un-hysterical, some said historical, work, and the reckless bears sold and sold. The shares, which had been dealt in on Monday at $3\frac{7}{8}$ -4, sunk in the course of a day or two to par, and by the end of the week were no better than $1\frac{3}{8}$ - $1\frac{5}{8}$.

Now I was in the enviable position of being in the inner ring, for Sutherland had shown me his new book in proof, and he had also told me that there was a subscription of 150,000. I knew therefore that there was no truth in the bear-report that it was written in a new style: it was, on the contrary, quite in the old style: it teemed with sinister earls and Apolline bank-clerks, and was quite up to form. So, though I had not applied for shares in the first instance I now bought. But, for the time at any rate, the bears had it their own way, and the shares sunk still further. Then some began climbing in again, and the price went slowly up to about 2, where it hung, waiting for November 6th, on which day the new book was to be published. As I have mentioned, the copyright of it, as well as that of all his previous works, had been acquired by the com-

pany, this giving them an appreciable asset. On the other hand, no one—except the directors—yet knew what price had been paid for it, and on this subject the market was divided. Some operators knew—so they said—that the price was a very heavy one, but against that one had to set the fact that the publisher was on the board of the new company. A reason for his being reasonable. In fact there was every opportunity for wide diversity of opinion.

But as the day of publication got very near—in accordance with James Sutherland's usual custom, no copies had been sent out for review—a perfect fever of excitement raged over J.S.'s. as the Stock Exchange called them, and the price played up and down like the temperature of a typhoid patient. Here one was told for certain that the bears had immensely over-sold, and would, without doubt, be cornered, that there were heaps of shares in the market, and that the directors had already taken advantage of the rise, parted with their shares, and were now on the bear-tack themselves. In fact, that which had begun as a sort of game, not as serious speculation, was speedily assuming somewhat grave proportions. I personally held a couple of hundred shares which I did not intend to part with just yet, but I did not buy more, since it was rank gambling to touch a market which was in so feverish a condition.

Then came the morning of publication, and as the early trains from the suburbs arrived, you might have observed the strange spectacle of thousands of City men hurrying along the platforms, each with a copy of "Aspasia" under his arm, some gleeful, some with faces of agonised woe. The directors had kept their secret well, and none knew what the book was like until on the morning of the 6th it was liberally stacked at all suburban stations for the benefit and enlightenment of City operators, bull and bear alike. This excellent stroke of business was supremely successful: the City operators flew at it like swarming bees, and clamoured for copies. This in itself was a bull-point. Some thousands of copies, in addition to the subscriptions, were thus disposed of, while the affrighted bear on

opening it was further confronted by a slip, saying that James Sutherland had completely recovered from his recent indisposition, and was hard at work again. Then to finish him off there was the perusal of the work itself: it teemed with wicked ears and noble housemaids, it was the essence and quintessence of the Sutherland whom the "great heart of the people" so adored. Indeed, it was a black day for bears, and they came tumbling in head over heels, while the price of J. S.s rose with the speed and effulgence of the midsummer sun. Violent fluctuations occurred during the day: at 12.30 for instance they stood at 8, then a reaction followed on realisation, and they dropped to 6, rallied again, became buoyant on the number of the subscriptions (163,000) being made known, and closed very firm at $8\frac{3}{8}$ — $\frac{5}{8}$. There was also some bidding in the street. I, however, did not wait for this, and having sold at a fraction over 9, went home in order to dress and dine with James Sutherland. Him I found in a state of high febrile excitement.

"Why, I feel sea-sick," he cried, "just sea-sick. It's I who have been tossed in a blanket all day in the City. Shied to the ceiling, banged on the floor: I haven't known where I was for two minutes together. Total strangers came into the club and talked about me to my face: they said I was buoyant or drooping or a wild cat. I have never been called such names. And I can't sell the thousand shares I have in it. Man, it's pitiful! The shares are mine and it is me, and not a penny can I touch. But if I re-act I shall buy. What do you think of me?"

Then matters calmed down a little: the prices were put up to 10 for a day or two, just to give belated bears a lesson, and they crawled painfully in. To do the directors justice they had neither desired nor devised the extraordinary gamble which I have described, but finding it made for them, they took full advantage of it, and made a handsome profit. Then they turned to business again. Now, the subscription list for "Aspasia" was, as I, have said, 163,000 copies, and within three weeks' time upwards of 200,000 were sold. This far

exceeded any previous sale of James Sutherland's works ; and it was due, I think, to two causes, partly the excitement over the company, which induced people who never read a book of his to buy this one, in order to see what it was which had caused so great a commotion in the City. Also a sort of crusade in the Press helped the sale very much, for many earnest and thoughtful leader-writers felt themselves obliged to deprecate, in the sacred name of Art, a proceeding so derogatory to the interests of Literature. But as they most of them wound up by saying that James Sutherland's works bore no relation to literature, they seemed to me to knock the bottom out of their own arguments. But they did not appear to mind this, and their solemn protests certainly stimulated interest. The company also had great advantages in its directorship ; for Sutherland's publisher was on the board, and he, like a wise man, saw a great opportunity for himself, as a large holder, of making a considerable sum of money. Having a publisher's business already in existence, with all its machinery of travellers and advertising, it was worth his while to conduct the publishing part of the business very cheaply. His agents, whom he was bound to have, did the business as part of their work, and the company did not have to pay that important middleman, the publisher, except as director. Similarly the editor of the *Friday Weekly*, who was also on the board, earned the thanks of proprietors by securing the serial rights of James Sutherland's next novel (he had hitherto always refused to appear in sections), and £1200 had been paid for it. Thus when the balance-sheet for the first six months was brought out it read very pleasantly and as follows :

<i>Debit.</i>	£	s.	d.
Salary of three directors for half year . . .	600	0	0
To James Sutherland, Esq., for half year . . .	1500	0	0
Rent of office	150	0	0
To Antrim & Co. for copyright of James Sutherland's previous works 2000 f.p. Shares . .	2000	0	0
	4250	0	0

<i>Credit.</i>	£	s.	d.
By profit on "Aspasia" at 1s. 2d. per copy (200,000)	11666	13	4
By serial rights of new work	1200	0	0
	13866	13	4

This left a very handsome balance of £9686 13s. 4d., and the directors felt justified in recommending an interim dividend of 7s. 6d. per share. They also had great pleasure in stating that Mr. Sutherland's next book would appear on June 1. The subscription list had already been issued, and was meeting with a gratifying reception. There would be also in the next statement of accounts considerable profit on the sale of Mr. Sutherland's previous works.

I saw James Sutherland a few days after this, and found him tearing his hair.

"They can pay," he exclaimed wildly, "the income of their directors, me, the rent of an office, and yet in a half-year earn nearly £20,000 profit! It is maddening, I tell you. Why couldn't I do it?"

I tried to point out to him that he was not a board of directors with the business capabilities of a publisher, an editor and a City man, but only a soulful artist. But he refused comfort, and uttered ominous words.

"I'll cut down their profits," he said.

"Then you'll cut down your own too."

He sighed.

"I know, that's the worst of it," he said. "But even if they declare a 12s. 6d. dividend at the end of the year, I shall only get £4000 altogether. I did that before without any of the City skylarking. Where do I come in? Of course, it's a great relief to feel there is no incessant need of grinding. And somehow, somehow—I think less ponderously about my mission than I used."

"You mustn't do that now." I said, "You must remember that your own mistaken conviction about yourself is probably partly responsible for the public's mistaken conviction about you. Anyhow, I see you have been interviewed by three

papers about this new book, and you seem to have taken yourself pretty seriously."

He appeared rather disturbed.

"I know. These directors make a great mistake," he said. "If they would only listen to me, I could show them how much more paying it is to refuse to be interviewed. The public will get tired of me if they hear too much about me, and where shall we all be then?" he asked with enchanting *naïveté*. "By the way," he added, "one of the interviewers was from the *Weekly Advertiser*. He was a man I had been to school with, always rather a smart fellow, married now and with three children. He had invested all he had in J. S., he told me."

"What did he buy at?" I asked.

"Rather over eight. What are they now?"

"Six and a half, and rather weak."

"Well, the new book will send them skying again," he said, "but I don't like feeling that Pearce's money, he with his wife and children, is dependent on me. It makes a sort of responsibility which I had not contemplated."

"Not as long as you work properly," said I.

"I don't like it," he repeated. "And there's another thing too. It's just this—I've been reading a bit lately, Thackeray and that sort of Johnnie, and I'm afraid, do you know, I'm really afraid that I write most awful rot. Somehow it never struck me before."

This was more alarming for the company.

"Well, you've got to choose," said I. "Your feeling of responsibility for Pearce isn't compatible with your desire for writing what is not—well, as you said yourself, awful rot. Pearce will be all right if you continue writing awful rot. But if you go in for High Art, the Lord help poor Pearce!"

He continued his uneasy walk up and down the room, and I knew there was something more to come. At last it came.

"That's not the worst," he said. "I'm engaged to be married."

Personally I never heard so depressing a mode of announcing this desirable condition, but commercially I saw a chance for Pearce. Next moment it was shattered.

"What is so dreadful is that—that, well, she likes me for myself, you know," he said. "She hates my books, she thinks them unreadable twaddle—her exact phrase—and, well, there it is anyhow."

"Who is she?" I asked.

"Lady Helen Ascot," said he.

Here then on the whole was one of the completest muddles I had ever the privilege to encounter. All his life poor James had devoted himself to the scarification of wicked earls; he was now engaged to the daughter of a real foe, and, so it was supposed, a wicked one. All his life too he had been singularly free from outside responsibilities; now, here was this company which drew its dividends direct from his brain, and paid them to people like Pearce. Add to this that Pearce depended on James Sutherland's rancid denunciations of the class to which his future wife belonged, who in her turn thought them unreadable twaddle (her exact words). Her father, I may add, was Lord St. Leger, a heaven-sent title, as I had always felt, for one of James Sutherland's works.

A few days after this it so happened that I was in our office in the City, neither of the senior partners being then in London, when a card was brought in, bearing Lord St. Leger's name. He had before now dealt with our house, as a seller more often than a buyer of stock. A moment after he entered.

"I lately bought," said he, "some shares in James Sutherland Limited, and having some money to invest again I thought of adding to my holding. What is your opinion of it?"

Now he could not have asked me a more difficult question. Without inside information, that is to say without the announcement that James Sutherland had made to me the other day, that he was disposed to follow after Thackeray,

I should have had no hesitation in recommending it. But supposing that James' conviction that all his writings were "rot" was deep-seated, then the J. S. Limited had but a depressing outlook. Yet if this conviction was only transitory, if, with the added necessity of working to support his wife, he continued to write rot, standing, as it did now, low, with the prospect of a large rise in price on June 1, when the new book appeared——

"I bought some for myself three days ago at 6," I said, "and I have no intention of selling them yet. You can get them now at 5½. It is of course a speculation; it depends on one life, and on Mr. Sutherland's continued popularity with the public."

He thought a moment.

"Please buy me 200 shares," he said, then paused again, "I have a special interest in the material supplied by the company" he added.

After his departure I sat down and reflected on the sinister dealings of Providence. Here on the one side was James Sutherland confiding in me that he wanted to try to write like Thackeray; on the other his future father-in-law, investing his money, subject to my advice, on the chance, for that is what it came to, of his doing nothing of the kind. Then again there was poor Pearce on the side of the wicked earl, and Lady Helen ranged with Thackeray.

A month passed, and the new book was on the verge of publication. Again the market turned to the question of J. S. with an added zest, as to some revived game, for Consols and Home Rails and other heavy affairs had been to the fore for the last month or two. Again people at street corners had special information, and knew the book was doomed to failure; others, equally well informed, knew precisely the opposite. This time the directors had tried a new policy, hazardous, but, if successful, likely to be extremely so. No discount of any sort or kind was to be given anybody; libraries, bookstalls and private purchasers alike would buy it at six shillings cash, and

at no other price. This implied, of course, a solid confidence in the real demand for the book, but it was hazardous, since no library would take it on such terms. For instead of its being sold to the trade at three and sixpence or thereabouts, it would be sold, right through, at six shillings. Nor was boycotting of other goods possible, since the James Sutherland Company had no other goods. But it was an anxious moment for the directors, since booksellers would naturally not deal in goods on which they received no profits. Some indeed supplied the book at seven shillings, but for the most part all orders were sent to the publishers, straight from the actual purchasers. And indignation found vent in meetings among the trade, the directors held their peace, and shareholders looked forward to the new balance sheet with hope and fear in about equal proportions.

But this hazardous policy was, as the event proved, abundantly justified. The sales of 'High Places' exceeded even those of 'Aspasia,' while each copy sold brought to the fortunate shareholders some half-crown extra. A meeting was held and everybody expressed the utmost obligation to and confidence in everybody else. A round-robin was even sent to James Sutherland, setting forth the immense approbation with which the proprietors contemplated their property. But the property, instead of returning a suitable reply, did not answer the letter at all. It was better employed with its well-beloved.

The marriage took place at the end of July, and for a couple of months I saw no more of James Sutherland, nor did the market particularly concern itself with the company. The first year's trading had been enormously successful, and it was judged imprudent to conduct blind banging attacks against an affair of so great stability. Naturally enough, the price was just a little lower in consequence of the decreased output which would temporarily follow James Sutherland's marriage; on the other hand, however, it was argued that so emotional a crisis in his life could not fail to produce a corresponding vividness and intensity in his works.

Then later in September they returned home, and staying

with this divinely happy couple—the professional James Sutherland was not of the party—I had one night, after Lady Helen had retired, a long talk with her husband.

“And so now I suppose,” I said, “you will set to work again for the good of the company.”

“Set to work?” said he. “My good man, I’ve been working like a horse all this last month. In fact the next book is nearly ready. I sent it down to the office only to-day. I should have liked to show it you, but it had to go. I think—I think it will be rather a surprise. It is to be published on November 6th; that’s a lucky day for me, and it’s Helen’s birthday.”

A sudden indescribable misgiving seized me.

“Why a surprise?” I asked.

“Because it is not the sort of book which the public associates with me,” he said.

“Poor Pearce!”

“I don’t think so. Rich Pearce, I hope. Helen likes it a good deal.”

“What about the mission then?”

“I mistook it. It can be no one’s mission to rave in public places as I have been doing. Rave, I tell you. But the mission is there all the same. I wonder if you remember telling me that I was a dual personality, or something of that sort—one side being occupied with rancid, I think you said rancid, imaginings, the other with proper straightforward humanities? Well, it was the other side that wrote this book. You see it has been living well lately; it fell in love very happily. That made it grow. And the rancid imaginings—I forget what happened to them—I think I left them behind somewhere.”

“For the sake of Pearce, send for them,” I entreated. He shook his head.

“I never saw any one so inconsistent,” he said. “While they flourished you abused them, now they are dead you wish that they flourished.”

"Yes, for the sake of the company," I cried. "Oh, the thing is more complicated than you know. You have ceased to be the artistic and reposeful being, you have made yourself the driving power of a machinery. There is an office where intelligent men scheme how to make you more remunerative: you inspire the nightmares and the midnight dreamings of the innocent broker: widows and orphans put their savings into you—they have bought allotments in your brain. Other people have bought—your father-in-law bought quite a large estate there the other day. Secret cells of your brain belong to him by right of purchase. Be honest, give him a return for his money, or he will come down to my office again. Just think; because you want to write like Thackeray, which you will never, never do, you turn these confiding gentry into the street, so to speak. Pearce, perhaps, at present blesses you: his infant children will curse you in their cradles."

He lay back in his chair, and laughed aloud.

"Wait till November 6th," said he.

The publication of 'Seed Time and Harvest' is still a recent event, and no one will forget for sometime to come the effect of its appearance, how the public seemed to drop all it was doing, and concentrate itself on that wonderful tale. For after all, just as there will always be a universal demand for wholesome food to feed the body, so, to the credit of the human race be it said, there will always be a universal demand for wholesome food to feed the mind. No one ever denied that James Sutherland was a vigorous writer, and 'Seed Time and Harvest' seems to me the most vigorously written of all his books. Only here, for the first, though not for the last, time his vigour flowed in happier channels, and did not feed mills to grind the bones of people of whom he knew nothing, or supply chromolithographic effects of the limelight order for people who never existed at all. The "great heart of the people" before which he had so often dangled his raving puppets, he treated here with respect

and love and reverence. More than that, he made it beat full and strong by that stirring and human tale. Consequently J. S. Limited still flourishes exceedingly, so also does J. S. Personally I was rather hard hit, for, on my inside information, I sold a bear. But I have crawled in again now.

E. F. BENSON.

A NEW LIGHT

I

A DEALER in metaphors might say that when Commerce takes her cleansing plunge into the sea we raise of the dust she shakes from her soiled locks towers to mark her path in the purer element. Lighthouses are, at any rate, of the romantic family, children of utility and beauty. They are man's last outposts on the frontier of his dominion ; the last help we creatures of the land can give to our fellows when they go down to the sea ; and our first welcoming guides to those wandering smudges of smoke or sail that hourly throughout the years surmount our horizon. To an island race their service is of a peculiar significance ; they keep the doors of commerce, and their gaze is towards the highway of the world. Planted amid the salt waves, they are made of the very stuff of earth : stone from inland quarries, oak and pines of the forest, metal from depths that no voice of the sea reaches. They form a double link between Islanders faring on land and sea ; and, while the woodman and the quarrier are asleep in their sheltered beds, a voice of storm from some plunging fo'c's'le head proclaims the sight of their creature uprising amid the surges.

It is hard to believe them unsentient, these rock-rooted people of the seaboard. Most of them have voices, of bell or horn or thunder, and each has his own song, as easily distinguishable to those who know them as the songs of birds.

Glittering heads they have, and men serve them for brains, directing their gaze and utterance. All day they sleep with veiled eyes in the sunshine, and at dusk they awake to stare and blink with the stars. Dimly through fog and rain, bright suns of night under black and stormy skies, they shine until the dayspring relieves their vigil. Their names are according to their character and station. You may search the list of lighthouse names all round the coasts of Britain and you will not find one but speaks to the imagination eloquently. The triumph of the word to paint the picture is revealed in them. The names of some of the chief Northern lights, in their order: Inchkeith, Fiddra, Girdleness, Buchanness, Covesea Skerries, Tarbet, Stroma, Hellyar Holm, Auskerry, Scaddon, Skroo, Muckle Flugga, Unst, Sule Skerry, Cape Wrath, Ru Stoer, Rona, Ushenish, Skerryvore, Dubh Hartach, Lismore, Pladda, Ailsa Craig, The Chickens—are they not, with their chromatic cadences, like a prelude of chords struck by the wind from rock and weed and water? Is it necessary to say that Sule Skerry is one of the wildest of these posts, and Lismore the most sheltered? The music of all their changing moods is in their names; Skerryvore, in gale and spray; Stroma, sister to Swona, amid the eddies of the Pentland Frith; Muckle Flugga frowning terribly across a waste of sea from the northern limit of our islands; and Fair Isle, set like a green gem in a carcanet of rocks, a sweet shelter for mariners.

With this great company a new neighbour is soon to join, and his name will be the Bass Rock Light. This youngest nephew of the Trinity is a baby yet, his stone sides scarce out of their swaddling of scaffold; and from his crystal eye, vacant still and blind as an uncut gem, I look out across the blue floor of the North Sea and try to read his destiny. All this summer is his childhood; those who reared him still hover about him, perfecting his equipment and watching his resistance to the weather, while, as yet, he performs no service. White and comely he stands beside the overhanging bulk of the Bass, whistling a little tune in the summer wind, and storing up

sunshine, I like to think, for the long dark nights he will have to keep his lonely watch when his nurses are all dead and buried. Well for him, when he comes to wrestle with shouting gales, that toil was not spared nor weather feared nor time grudged in his making. In December, they say, his star will rise; and in the meantime the first who slept beneath his roof offers a tribute to his nativity.

II

The Bass Rock is a solid, shoreless crag, as high as Saint Paul's, and plumb to the sea on all sides but the south. There it slopes and is divided by three great terraces which extend across its whole width. The lowest of these, a hundred feet above the sea, is a level belt of ground on which are the ruins of the old prison and fortifications; and at the eastern end of this the lighthouse rises, hidden to the north by the rock, but showing eastwards to the North Sea, and south and west to the Firth and its coast. The second terrace, reached by a zigzag path worn in the steep, is a small grassy plateau whereon stand the ruins of an ancient chapel, built on the site of Saint Baldred's cell. Again the path winds upward over an almost precipitous face and lands you on the last terrace, more than three hundred feet above the waves. Beyond this the rock and grass rise roughly to the highest point. The third plateau is the most considerable in extent; among the rocks that strew it is a most excellent, deep and springy turf; and, in the midst of it, enclosed by walls of heaped stones, lies the ruined garden of the Bass. The proportions of the rock are such as to convey an overwhelming impression of bulk and majesty, an impression which is finely reproduced in the lines:

Dread rock, thy life is two Eternities,
The last in air, the former in the deep;
First with the whales, last with the eagle skies,
Drowned was thou till an earthquake made the steep;
Another cannot bow thy giant size.

Each of the terraces has a character and atmosphere

peculiar to itself. The known history of the rock begins with the middle one, whereon is the ruined chapel. Somewhere in the end of the sixth century, when missionaries were scattering from Iona, Baldred of that company made this rock his dwelling-place and retreat. Where the chapel now stands he had a cell, whence he issued with his gospel to the neighbouring shore and whither he returned to pray and meditate. That is the first picture : the wild rough-habited monk kneeling up here among the clumps of sea-pink, with the sea and the birds and everything that can be seen from that place just as it is to-day. He could see Fiddra, Craigleith, and the Lamb—lesser islands that harboured lesser missionaries ; and the sight of these homes of piety would surely sometimes prick the poor brother's heart if, kneeling amid the wild flowers, he ever at some random scent of earth felt a pang of desire for things denied him.

Who built the chapel is not known, but in the sixteenth century it was already there, and when the rock was constituted a parish it was dedicated as the parish church. On January 5, 1542, the Bishop of Saint Andrews crossed over the Firth of Forth and performed the ceremony ; but, as no one lived on the rock, no incumbent or reader was appointed to the parish ; and the church remained empty, with the wind singing through it and the sea-birds crying round it. Of its proper use in pre-Reformation times there is but one instance on record : a young lady, in the presence of her father, "was here solemnly confirmed in the Romish faith and profession, and the due ritual services were gone through in the presence of the keeper of the Bass and his boat assistant." And that is history's sole record of the five actors in this drama. I have stood in the roofless chapel and tried to reanimate that scene : the celebrant, a little breathless from his climb up the steep path, rumbling sonorous Latin ; the five hands, one fair and shapely, two at least rough and dirty, dipped in the stoup of holy water by the door ; the two sailors gaping in the background ; and the girl, thrilling at least for a moment in every fibre of her feminine nature at the picture of the adorable bridegroom of the soul

imagined for her, and her heart, so long quiet now, beating the colour to her face in the rapture of this mysterious, fleshless marriage. At least we may be allowed to suppose so. And with that little scene the history of the chapel ends. The soldiers of the garrison used it to store their ammunition, and probably men were buried under its shadow, for at its east end is the only bed of soil in the island deep enough for sepulture. But it cannot have been used for long; and time has worked unhindered upon it, until it now stands roofless to the sky, windowless and doorless to the sea, with little wild flowers blooming unabashed in its holiest corners.

On the lower terrace, meanwhile, great things had been doing. Picks swung and hammers and trowels were plied there until a fortress wall turned the lowest slope into a precipice; and thus, with its only accessible side fortified, the Bass was impregnable. It was used as a refuge and prison for important prisoners at odd times until, in 1671, Lauderdale bought it on behalf of the Government for use as a State prison, when it became notorious as the place in which so many of the Covenanting ministers were confined. Here they dwelt, in dungeons sometimes unlighted, sometimes lighted by windows that afforded no view; harshly treated as regards food, and only now and then allowed the liberty of the rock. There is about the grass-grown walls of their prison, with its glimpses of violet surge seen through jagged window places, that suggestion of human death and oblivion, of quiet forces exerted outside and in spite of our efforts and agonies and joys, which appeals so sensibly and soothingly to men of hurried life. Nor is it by a very great flight of imagination that one hears, when the wind is singing in the solitude of these mouldering cells, some echoes of the martyrs' voices chanting psalms to cheer their loneliness, or filling the night with prayers and praises. Out on the ramparts the sentries would be going their rounds, cheering their vigil with the clay tobacco pipes of which Hugh Miller found so many broken fragments beneath the bastion wall; in the garrison room the soldiers would be singing or sleeping

by the fire; and around them all the fluent, mysterious sea, embracing content and misery alike.

It is not a very respectable episode in English history, this persecution of the Covenanters, although to a weak Government their defiance of the law and their influence with the mob must have been more than irritating. But the pettiness of the quarrel should not blind us to what is after all the main consideration—that these men suffered for liberty of conscience, and in reality fought a bigotry far narrower than that of their own austere religion. Two of the most famous of these martyr inhabitants of the rock were Alexander Peden and John Blackadder, both beneficed clergymen of the Scottish Church who were punished for their adherence to the principles of Presbytery. They were men of very different minds, but both had that merit of picturesqueness which is so welcome to the essayist. Peden, who in the four years of his imprisonment on the rock lived in a damp and most dismal cell, unlighted and isolated, was a man born to misfortune. He was accused at the very moment of his ordination of being the father of a neighbour's child, and was only saved from excommunication by the timely appearance of the true offender. This disconcerting incident was the first of a hundred misfortunes. Peden was turned out of one parish after another, arrested time and again for offences against the Conventicle Act, spent many years in various prisons, made narrow escapes in the wars, and was obliged to live in caves; and even when he died his body was dug up and his bones dishonoured. I should conceive him to have been in his person a most unpleasant, mad fellow; wild and savage in his talk, not over-true to his friends, and so dirty in his habits as thereby to damage his health. He was given to prophesying evil of those who molested him, and owing to one or two fortunate accidents by which his curses seemed to be fulfilled got the name of Peden the Prophet. No wonder, all things considered, that he was ill-treated on the Bass; but he wrote a letter from that place which, with its curious jumbled revelation of the poet and

street preacher and mystic and madman, will go far to excuse him.

BASS, August 11, 1677.

REV : AND DEAR BROTHER,—Saluting you heartily in the Lord, whose you are and whom you serve love, yea conscience to duty makes me run the hazard thus to bless you, with the brethren there, for your sympathy and continued earnest care, especially towards me, unworthy of bonds, and most unworthy to be remembered in bonds. My trial enjoins deep silence abroad, but loud and pitiful language upwards; but it were not a cross if not crossing, nor a prison if not straightening; everything herein and more is needful (and blessed be He in whom all stock is, and is Master-carver). Weel were such, and no delay either, its blessed effects in his due time, though much suspended for present. I beg you will not mistake our silence. His woes multiply, so our bonds grow. Where our mercies and sweet refreshment might be, there it's denied and inhibited. He is righteous; neither are we in the dark to mind our manifold sins in our judgments. We are close shut up by our chambers, not permitted to converse, diet, worship together, but conducted out by two at once in the day to breathe in the open air—envying (with reverence) the birds their freedom, and provoking and calling on us to bless Him for the most common mercies—and again close shut up by day and night, to hear only the sighs and groans of our fellow-prisoners; and oh! if we were such as none of these things move us: yea, while all things speak a feeding lying storm. He only knows wherefore we are reserved, and what is appointed for us, with you, who out of the eater brings forth meat. Our long fast will resolve in sad earnest, and when darkest it will be light, and most care least care. Oh! for grace to credit Him (hitherto never cumbersome), and His Cross in whatever piece of service, in bonds or freedom, He cuts out! . . .

So prayeth your unworthy and affectionate well-wisher in bonds.

ALEXANDER PEDEN.

A very different man was John Blackadder, who spent in sickness and age on the Bass Rock the last six years of his life. The whole spirit of imprisonment and martyrdom there is expressed in his epitaph, which has all the unconscious merit of sincerity. I came from the rock on a stormy blustering day and went straight to the sheltered churchyard in North Berwick where Blackadder lies, within earshot of the click of the bowls on the old bowling-green, and of a pleasant murmur in tall trees. The contrast was a seizing one; no voice of the sea

spoke in that quiet place, and instead of the great crying gannets, little sweet-voiced birds of land skimmed near by; there was a sense of protection and of repose, very comfortable after a hard life. On the stone these words are written :

Here lies the body of

MR. JOHN BLACKADER,

Minister of the Gospel at Troqueer in Galloway,
Who died on the Bass after five years imprisonment
Anno Dom. 1685 ; and of his age
63 years.

Blest John for Jesus sake in Patmos bound
His prison Bethel, Patmos Pisgah found ;
So the bless'd John on yonder rock confin'd,
His body suffer'd, but no chains could bind
His heaven aspiring soul ; while day by day
As from Mount Pisgah's top he did survey
The promis'd land, & view'd the crown by faith
Laid up for those who faithful are till death.
Grace formed him in the Christian Hero's mould,
Meek in his own concerns, in's Master's bold ;
Passions to reason chain'd Prudence did lead,
Zeal warm'd his heart and reason cool'd his head.
Five years on the lone rock, yet sweet abode
He Enoch-like enjoy'd, & walk'd with God ;
Till by long living on this heavenly food
His soul by love grew up too great, too good
To be confin'd in jail, or flesh and blood ;
Death broke his fetters off, then swift he fled
From sin and sorrow ; & by angels led
Enter'd the mansions of Eternal Joy.
Blest soul, thy warfare's done ; Praise, love, enjoy.
His dust here rests till Jesus come again ;
Ev'n so, Blest Jesus come, come Lord, Amen.

On the third terrace, high out of sight both of prison and chapel, is found the essential atmosphere of the Bass Rock. This is just a little tumbled space of rocks and turf, very rough to walk upon and unsheltered from any wind, but, for all that, how good a place ! The garden lies in the middle of it, now the mere ghost or outline of a garden, full of the memory of

flowers, that still bloom to the imagination in spite of the tangle of nettles that covers the ground. Sunshine lies in it as in a basin; it is cooled by salt, blowing airs; and from far below the whisper of the sea rises faintly and invests with a finer quality the silence that hangs like a charm about the garden. There are still a few clumps of garden flowers, Daffodil and Narcissus, that through the centuries have remained and grown wild. Strange it is to see them here, once the objects of the exiles' affection, now untended, but still blooming in their own endless exile; and strange to think upon what miseries their faces have smiled, that have themselves so long survived the captives and their miseries! Part of the garden was used for vegetables and part for flowers; and it is a pleasant thing to know that although the conveyance of fresh food and vegetables to the rock was at all times difficult and irregular, the part that was reserved for flowers was the larger of the two. All trace of the vegetables has disappeared, and the cherry trees that grew there are gone also. The garden to-day is simply a rabbit-warren; but its associations are so lasting, the very thought of a garden hanging on that wing-haunted slope between sea and sky is so appealing, that the fancy is still charmed to paint it again in gay colours and to discover in its neighbourhood a faint, hovering fragrance.

Here the governor of the prison would bring the few visitors who came to cheer his fatigue, and here sometimes would be enacted the quaint ceremony of conferring the freedom of the Bass. *A drink from the well and a flower from the garden*—that pretty little investiture made the visitor free of the rock. Here, also, the martyrs, when liberty was allowed them, would choose to walk and meditate. They were really mystics at heart, every one of them, delighting to soar on the wings of their faith beyond the trials and vexations of life. It is good to think that they suffered not for their own faith alone but in the cause of all who refuse to palter with realities, and who find out and face so much of the truth as may be within their reach. Prison though it was to

them, these stalwarts loved the summit of the rock ; so fair a place it is with its prospect of land and sea, so fit for tempering the spirit, so good for solitude, so free for meditation, so near heaven for a prisoner's prayer.

III

Thus men have come and gone upon the rock ; with the fall of a dynasty it has faded from out their politics ; but the birds, its true lessees and tenants, go on for ever. Missionary, loyalist, Jacobite, shepherd, lightkeeper—so our tale of its occupation runs, significant of great convulsions in our affairs ; but all these things are as the wink of an eye in the unchanging life that has for ages enveloped the Bass. The world of wings knows no progress save that of the years from youth to age ; no convulsions but of momentary strife between individuals ; no revolutions but of birth and death. It is, like the sea, compound in detail of change and disturbance, and, like the sea also, immutable in its simple outlines and cycles.

The top of the Bass, bounded on three sides by precipices, is broken into many slopes and levels. There is no place exactly where the plateau ends and the rugged, stormbeaten walls begin ; but as you walk towards the edge the slope becomes steeper and rougher until suddenly there is nothing before your foot but the wrinkled floor of the sea at a dizzy depth below. Over this edge, if you clamber down for a few feet to a seat on some jutting fragment of rock you can see a sight almost without equal in the world. On ledges and in clefts all down the face of the cliff are perched thousands of Solan geese, or gannets ; and between you and the sea the air is thick with their circling flight. Here all day they fish and wheel and perch and cry ; here, every spring, for thousands and thousands of years they have returned from wandering over the ocean to build their nests and rear their young. On no other rock of our coasts are they to be found, save only upon Ailsa Craig and the Sule Skerry ; nowhere else, it would seem, do they find suitable fishing grounds encompassed with

the solitude which their pride demands. You cannot be said to know the bass until you have spent days upon some crag or balcony of the precipice studying the enormous colony of the birds; and the rock is so furnished with crannies and projections that it is possible in the nesting-time to climb down close among them. Although they are so wild, they know their own powers and your limitations too well to be alarmed at your near approach, and you may spend a long afternoon sitting on a ledge among their roosting-places without disturbing them at all. They will not allow you to touch them, but for anything short of that they will disdain your presence. Their pride is amazing. If you are wanton enough to shoot one as he flies over the rock, and bring him down with a wounded wing, he will run at you like a bull, and attack you with his strong beak and with blows from his six-foot span of wings, and, I hope, inflict serious damage upon you. There is no object in killing them now; once their flesh was prized—the parish minister of North Berwick receives annually twelve Solan geese as part of his stipend—but the art of cooking their flesh seems to have been lost. Formerly the young birds and the eggs brought a valuable revenue to the owner of the Bass, but now the eggs seem to be valued chiefly as curiosities. When the gannets are not fishing or nesting or feeding their young they have but two occupations: to launch themselves into the air and, by slanting their wings, fetch a great compass over the face of the sea and back to their ledge without a single motion of flying; and to float for hours on the water, tossed by the waves and blown by the winds. When they are fishing they dive, dropping from a great height with folded wings and rigid body, and often sending up a twelve-foot fountain of spray where they enter the water. They do this in hundreds and by the hour together, so that the sea is continually spouting and resounding with the noise of their fountains.

The whole life of the Solan geese is a wild one, from birth on the windy rock to a death from old age far away, perhaps in the lonely seas of Ecuador. The single egg is laid on any

sloping piece of rock that will hold it, and it is so shaped that it rolls round upon itself rather than off the shelf on which it rests. The young birds are fed for months by their parents ; first with masticated food, and later with whole fish. I have seen a young bird being crammed with seventeen "poddies" —fish from five to seven inches long—in the space of an hour. Under this treatment the young birds are soon covered with an enormous bulk of fat, which is designed for a certain purpose; their unused wings, however, remain small and feeble. When they have attained to this false bulk, and have, without ever leaving their birthplace, become larger than their parents, a fine day is chosen for their launch upon the world. With his strong beak the father pushes his offspring off the nursery ledge, so that he drops perhaps two hundred feet into the sea. He cannot fly; and there he remains floating and drifting about for perhaps a fortnight, until the fat that keeps him warm and feeds him is all gone. By that time his continued efforts after freedom have developed his wings, and, when some lifting wave gives him a start, he finds that he can rise upward through the air, and so returns to the rock, a smaller and a wiser bird. His development now begins on slower and more legitimate lines. At first the upper sides of his wings and back are a deep speckled brown; but through the four years in which he grows to maturity the colour becomes less, until in the fourth year he is snow-white, with brown-tipped wings, and succeeds to the joys and strifes of maturity. The pairing time is with these birds a carnival of caresses and combats. They have a curious salute, which is invariably exchanged between a pair after the shortest separation; a rubbing of bills, like the sharpening of knives, accompanied by a deep and satisfied grunting. This caress is never exchanged before a separation; so it would seem that they are spared the pangs of parting, while they are granted all the joys of reunion. Their sea fights are lordly sights, encompassed with cries and hurricanes of wings. On the rock the duel is often a long, silent wrestle, until the conqueror throws his assailant off his ledge of rock. Ah! but a bird does

not fall, and he slants his great wings and floats away downward to the blue floor that lies sky deep and sun bright beneath him. Towards the end of October the gannets leave the rock and scatter, not to some warm summer coast, but to wander all winter over wastes of ocean. North about Norway, and south about the Cape of Storms wandering birds are found ; but they seem to fly everywhere over the lonely seas. They avoid the neighbourhood of men and ships, and live resting on storms, fishing in the bitter waters, flying through gales. That is their winter ; and on either the tenth or eleventh of February every year, by some marvellous coincidence of their laws with our shifting calendar, they return to their home on the Bass Rock.

There are a few other inhabitants of the rock besides the sea-fowl. One of them is a blackbird who sings all day long about the upper slopes ; and, standing on the cliff, I have often heard his sweet, throaty song sounding between me and the sea, and wondered at its contrast with the sad, anxious crying

of the gulls and gannets. There are jackdaws, too, and rock-pipets, and one old turtle-dove—a great friend of mine—who often when I have been lying on the sunny turf has come and hopped about my head. But the “doo” is a great favourite with the human colony ; indeed, in so small an island one soon comes to know the land-birds. On shore one sees a bird once, and perhaps never again recognises him ; one here is constantly meeting the birds at every corner, and feels inclined to give them good-day. The absence of anything in the shape of a tree or shrub brings them nearer to us ; and I have noticed that even the bluebottle and house-fly (which, of course, are here) are invested almost with dignity, since they are obliged to live in the open air and to alight upon rocks. The other inhabitants of the place are a few rabbits who have survived a hard winter. Poor thin creatures they are, grey ghosts that work hard for a living, and with such an air of domestic poverty that a man who lives on the rock and does not taste fresh meat too often confessed to me that they did not tempt him, and that he had

"a kind of a feeling against them." Their headquarters are in the garden, where if you sit quietly they will come and feed beside you. Their natural timidity is overcome by imperious hunger; early and late they are browsing on the scanty grasses; and the first thing that awakes a sleeper on the cliff is a thud of little feet stampeding past him in the dawn, hastening to begin the heavy daily task of keeping alive. Only a few succeed; and here and there in a sheltered angle between two rocks you come upon a little heap of fur and bones, marking the place where one of them has given up the struggle.

The gannets are not the only sea-fowl on the rock, but they are far and away the chief. The rest are only wayfarers, or at the most dwellers who have no dominion there. Low down on the crags are the guillemots, whose pleasure it is to sail in little fleets on the water; puffins burrow all day in the southern slopes, and at evening fly off to sea where, to rid themselves from the stain of land, they wash and wash again for hours in the salt waves. Kittiwakes lodge above the guillemots; they are great homekeepers, and very conscientious in the utterance of the cry from which their name is taken. Seagulls there are; and if you are near the northern verge of the rock at sunset you will hear the seamew's cry, in which all the coldness and loneliness of the sea at night are uttered. But the rock truly belongs to the gannets; they haunt it with their presence and their voices. The rising swards of the summit are visited by the flash of their wings; the most awful crags are painted with their presence. Sun or gloom, shine or shower, calm or storm are the same to these creatures of three elements. I saw one sleep, his head under his wing, through an hour of gale that battered and thundered against his home. Think of what their freedom must be, who fall from earth into the air, and can rest either on wind or wave; what their love, who mate in the spring storms and build their nests in the path of tempests; what their sense of time and space who in one effortless flight can traverse a continent and fly from summer into spring.

IV

Once more the drift of time has set men upon the rock ; once more it appears on the horizon of their purposes ; and once more, undaunted by the ruins of masonry, the mason plies his craft. Somewhere in a distant century I seem to see another architect at work upon his plans, or standing on the breezy rampart directing other masons. He surveyed his deep foundations, his strong buttresses, his walls five-and-twenty feet thick : " My work will last," he said. And lo ! a little falling of the rain, a little blowing of the wind, a little lapse of years and centuries, and another craftsman, surveying that work, purses his lips and speaks of heavy extra charges to be incurred for strengthening old walls. A little disturbance of soil, and down comes a piece of that mighty rampart like a child's rickle of bricks ; and man, with the patience of an ant, turns to and builds it again. And like his ancestor he says : This time it will last.

The builder grows crafty, and it is just possible he has learned the secret. It were not in human nature to believe it otherwise ; but it hardly matters. It is more to the point that hearty men should be working with their hands and labouring for the common benefit on this wind-swept fragment of land. It is more to the point that the work should be of that patent, simple kind—laying one stone upon another, and placing courses of masonry on a true and level bed—that calls for all the most honest qualities of human labour. Day in, day out, through the months and years that this lighthouse has been in building, there has been but the one kind of primitive labour ; nothing complex or subtle ; but everything depending upon sheer honesty at every stage. The man who sands the mortar, the man who mixes it, the man who lays the greater bases of the rough ironstones on beds of concrete and little stones, the man who filters water for the cement, the man who saws, digs, planes, hews or harles—upon each and all of these the honesty

of the work depends. There is nothing essentially modern about it, nor about the tools that are used. Hand-cranes, pickaxes, shovels, mallets, chisels, crowbars and trowels—even with such implements did the Romans labour when they built their great roads and forts. There is something savage in all this harsh toil in the face of gales and within sound of the sea. The materials are all harsh—sea-sand, rock, salt-water, river mud, lime and iron—a Titanic labour, you would say. And yet, to see it from a little distance, how incredibly small and futile it seems! As you swing near the rock in your boat, the men delving in its chasms seem like mites in a cheese; the cranes that they move so toilsomely are like the waving arms of elves; the stones they shift and raise, like pieces of shingle or pebbles. And it is slow, slow work, apt for interruption and liable to heavy mischances. The great westward-marching waves that come thundering and whispering into the porches of the rock are the chief enemies of the work, but almost every natural force, save that of time or earthquake, is being fought. In the end the fight is successful, but while the building is unfinished each enemy has his day. On the inland field of Bannockburn a stone was chosen for the outside of the tower. It was quarried and dressed, and carried by weary portages of road and sea until it swung on lighters under the shadow of the Bass. Then followed long labours with the cranes, heaving up the great blocks and depositing them high upon the rock, ready to be craned up another stage to the level of the tower. But the wind rose, and the sea before it; and the sea sent a green tongue licking up that high crag, and it threw those great stones about as though they had been corks, until it rolled them down among the roots of the deep-water seaweeds. So the antlike labours had to begin all over again—more quarrying, more carrying, more hauling, more placing of great weights. But patience has its perfect work, and by infinitesimal stages the building has grown, until now the lighthouse and the lightkeeper's houses stand solid and secure on their high station, and the huge retaining-wall that was thrown down

grows again on its old scale.¹ And presently the workers will depart, the company that has kept so many nights on the storm-beaten house of wood will scatter, some to work on farms, some to joiners' shops, many to the walls and scaffoldings of great buildings. From their wide workshop here, with its dawn and sunset-painted walls, to the narrow ways of cities, how far a journey, and from the thresh of waters and hum of winds to the roar of street traffic how poor an exchange! But their work will remain, the work essentially of a colony or community of men who lived together engaged on a common end; and they will have a noble monument here, a star of their own kindling.

Meantime, it has been a good work to watch, a good work to have a hand in. For that reason I spent a morning breaking stones on the upper slopes of the rock; and though they were very ill broken, and there was a temptation to hide certain large and hard pieces under the smaller and more brittle fragments, I had a very solid pride in having put a little endeavour into even the humble matter of a concrete cistern. The ringing of iron on stone made a music very agreeable to my labours; the freshness of the air and the brightness of the sun stimulated the surprised muscles; and I felt, as I took my part in that harmony of labour with which the rock rang, that I was in very good company, and that it was a very good morning.

FILSON YOUNG.

¹ It is due to the Commissioners of Northern Lights to say that the Engineer, Mr. D. A. Stevenson, and his representative on the Rock have spared no pains to preserve the ruins of the old prison and fortifications; and where rebuilding has been necessary, it has been done on the old massive plan and pattern—often at considerable expense.

THE DRONE

“UNHASP your lattice, lady fair,
I seek to win your pity,
I, that was once a Queen’s lover,
All in a golden city !

“ See, ruffled is my brave attire,
My velvet doublet tatter’d ;
My silken hose besmear’d with mire,
My feathers bent and batter’d ;

“ Who yet have had my sweet romance,
(Some solace to remember !)
And dwelt in love and dalliance
From April to September ;—

“ For I was once of gallant mien,
Too proud to crave your pity,
And lived the lover of a Queen
All in a golden city !

“ I dwelt beneath a burnish’d dome,
Till Summer was nigh over ;—
At night I supp’d off honeycomb,
By day I lived in clover,—

“ And kisses, kisses, came between !

(I seek to win your pity,
Who lived the lover of a Queen
All in a golden city !)

“ But then, the mob, in jealous hate,
Uprose, on whirring pinions,
And drove me thro’ her city-gate
And out of her dominions ;—

“ Homeless I wander ; night is near ;
(The night so long and lonely !)
Oh, grant me sanctuary here
For this one ev’ning only !

“ And I will strive your smiles to gain
By grateful song and caper,
Whilst dancing on your window-pane
And buzzing round your taper ;

“ So open, open, lady fair,
I seek to win your pity !
I, that was once a Queen’s lover
All in a golden city !”

VIOLET FANE. 11

DANNY

LXXII

AN UNBIDDABLE BODY.

THERE was still a glimmer of hoar-frost on the hill-side, and the sun scarce risen behind dark Lammernmore, when Robin came to the old trysting-place on the bald knowe.

Twenty minutes he awaited there his comrade of the dawns, tramping to and fro like an ancient charger restrained from the fight. The sun drew clear of the brink of the world, and crept up the sky; and still there came no accustomed comrade bustling up the hill with dripping tongue and dear eyes.

At length, unable longer to contain himself, the old man hurried off to ascertain the results of his last night's sowing. And it seemed he had sowed well, for everywhere he reaped grim harvest: a pole-cat lying on a naked knowe, stiff as a ramrod, though but an hour dead; in a little dew-grey hollow a hoary raven, wide-winged on his back, thin feet in air; and gleanings of all the lesser bandits of the wilderness.

His dead gathered, and new seed of death sown, the old man trotted home, not ill-content.

"Morn, Sluttie!" he cried, bustling joyfully into the kitchen, his dead banging against his leg. "Ha' ye seen Danny anywheres here away?" and he peered about for his missing battle-mate.

The Woman slapped and slammed among her pans without a word.

"Come, sweetie!" coaxed Robin, "my honey! my hinnie! Where is the man?"

"Where he is like to be," snapped the Woman.

"Where'll that be?"

"Away with his Honour."

Robin looked at her, scared.

"What's come to his Honour, then?" he asked.

"Come to him!" cried the Woman, her tongue suddenly loosed. "What was like to come to him with you breaking the Lord's Day! I tell't you ill would come of it! I tell't you you had brought a judgment on us, you with your mortifyings of Her, when it was you needed mortifying sorer than ever she did! And now, it is as I said, and the Lord has laid His hand upon his Honour to afflict him because of you and your abominations."

"Is he in the Valley?" asked Robin, afraid.

The Woman returned to her slappings.

"Na," she said, "he's in his bed."

"In bed is he?" said Robin. "Is he there of himself?"

"He is there because I forbad him to be elsewhere," snapped the Woman.

"Then he'll not be there long," said Robin. "An unbid-dable body is his Honour."

"When I bid," said the Woman grimly, "then he bides, though he was unbid-dable as Balaam's cuddie."

"Hark!" said Robin, listening to the sound of feet upon the floor above.

The Woman hearkened.

"O the brazen image!" she screamed. "I'll gar him," and fled.

In ten minutes she was back, panting, dishevelled; a bundle beneath her arm.

Robin regarded her curiously.

"What gars ye snort so?" he asked.

"And if you had warstled with yon muckle slabber," panted the other, "you would snort too."

"Ye had a bit of a bat then?" asked Robin, grinning, "I thought to hear ye."

"I'd a fair warstle," said the Woman. "I brast in on him."

"Did ye no knock?"

"Ay," said the Woman. "I knocked, but not till I'd entered. And there he sat on his hunkers on the bed."

"Just stark?" cried Robin, delightedly.

"Neighbour to it," snorted the Woman; "just his top-sark and nethermers."

"Ho, the little randy!" cried Robin, leering at her. "And what did you?"

"I ran in on him," cried the Woman, "and the Lord gave me strength; and I scraffled his clothes off him —"

"Ho, the little bandy bee!" cried Robin, ogling horribly.

"And I had him back to bed in a jiff, and I warstled him down, and helt him under a bit; and Danny helpit me and sat upon his duds."

Robin sat back, sniggering indecently.

"He will up by this," said he at last. "An unbiddable bit's his Honour. He was to see Simon Ogg this day."

"Will he?" said the Woman grimly. "He winna. For why? I have his duds." And she threw her bundle into the corner.

LXXIII

THE NIGHT-WATCHMAN

THE Laird's chill settled on his chest. He stayed in bed querulous indeed and reluctant as a stubborn child, but the Woman stood in the door like a long-toothed dragon and dared him to stir; and all day long Danny stayed with him.

In those days indeed the little man hardly could be brought to leave his lord. Day and night he stayed in the sick-room, faithful still; and that though She was still at large, and duty and warrior desire called to him, Warden of the Marches, to up and away at the greasy heels of Robin

and guard the passes against Her. And there was never surely such a sick man's minister, tender, patient, and inspired with love. By day he shared his dear labours with the Woman; but there was no need for further night-nurse, when he was there who lay all night in the flicker of the fire with one eye wide upon the truckle-bed, and one ear still sentinel to catch a sound.

And when the dreams were on the old man in the night to trouble him, and he stirred feebly, muttering a dear name, it was Danny who stole across the room, and rose softly at the bed-side like a little wise practitioner in blue-grey bedgown, to regard his patient anxiously. Whereat the Laird, peering with old eyes dimmed with dreams and memories, and seeing by the meagre light of the solitary dip, two eyes, close to his own, tender, anxious, large, ceased his groaning.

"Child!" he whispered. "Child! Eh, I have waited!" and thrust forth a tremulous old hand, to find not the cool sweet brow he sought, but another brow, broad too, firm, reassuring.

"What!" he muttered, disillusioned but still fond. "Danny, my Danny! A-well! We must bide then yet," and stilled into his sleep.

The Laird in those days made no secret as to which of his two nurses had his heart.

"Better than any woman o' the pack of them!" he husked one day. "O, haud away, Woman! you and your slops and slobberments. Give place to your betters!" And he thrust forth a petulant old hand to push her aside.

"And if I was taken you would get on fine without me!" she cried indignantly. "The doag would red you up; the doag would poultish you; the doag would warm your feet, and hot your gruel, and mend ye and mind ye, as Missie willed! You would not miss me—O, no!"

"I would miss your tongue more than I would miss you," husked the Laird.

"Then I just hope I will be taken!" snapped the injured Woman.

"It's what I've been hoping these fifty years," said the Laird, and slept.

The Woman clattered away, shrilly bewailing her fate—a lone woman-body left to the mercies of two rude old billies and a doag.

"A doag!" cried Robin hotly. "Is that how you speak of your wean?"

"He is no more wean to me," replied the Woman bitterly. "I, to whom Missie willed his Honour to mend him and mind him, I am less than nothing to him, beside yon yelpin' skelpin' tyke."

"You are jealous," said Robin, and eyed her. "You have the green in your eye."

"And have I no cause?" cried the Woman, rounding on him; and indeed she had.

That night the Laird's breathing worsened suddenly, and he was nigh to stifle. Danny, only less distressed than his dear lord, scuttled along the midnight passages to the door of the Woman, whined, scratched, and snuffled till she came; and then, for once forgetful of his courtesy, nipped her scraggy heels and drove her down the passage like an old barren hind of the hills, yammering¹ shrilly as she went.

Next morning as she was on her knees, lighting the fire in the Laird's room, Danny came to her.

"Pack," she snarled, "ye creepin' thing!" and cuffed him.

When she turned again, he was standing behind her, grey-faced, doubtful, and with wounded eyes. A second later, as she still knelt, a cold insinuating nose was in her hand; a warm body cuddling close against her knees, and he had sat himself on her spread petticoats. She looked down upon the grey lifted face; then bent, dabbed a kiss on to his cold muzzle, rose hastily, and fled in tears.

When she next entered the room he came to meet and greet her with dear eyes. She could hold out no more; his anxious busyness, his desire to please, his readiness to take the second

¹ "Yammer," murmur or bleat.

place, won her back to her old allegiance. She forgave him that which it is most hard for any woman to forgive—the being better loved than herself. Soon their joint labourings in a common cause bound them with fresh bonds. She took him to her heart, and was lost in admiration of the fond tenderness of her fellow-minister.

“Dear heart!” cried she, “to see! He is that douce and cannie you would never think God had made him male.”

Robin, widowed of his battle mate, needs must now go hunting Her alone, and was sulky because of it. Sulkily he went round his poison-baits; sulkily he gathered his victims; and sulkily came home.

“What’s them in your hand?” cried the Woman, horrified, as he marched in on the morning of the third day.

“Just my morning’s mortifying,” Robin replied, his reappings of the dead gathered like a sheaf in his hand. “What is Danny at all this while?” he asked, sitting down sulkily.

“What he should be at,” snapped the Woman—“tending the Laird.”

“I see how it is!” said Robin evilly. “The Laird heeds Danny when he heeds not you. He’ll be just biddable when Danny’s there, while he’s fratchy¹ as a lugged bear when left to you.”

“He’s better minding the sick than mortifying the living any way!” snarled the Woman.

Robin turned a blighting eye upon her.

“And could *you* not whiles mind his Honour your lone for one quarter?” he asked.

“Why should I?” asked the Woman sprightly.

“So Danny might come after Her with me,” said Robin.

“Na,” mocked the Woman. “You shall have all the glory of mortifying Her to yourself.”

“I do not wish for vain-glory,” said Robin, sulkily. “I wish for Danny.”

¹ “Fratchy,” irritable.

"Ye may wish," said the Woman. "Wishin's not gettin'. I wish too. I wish Her head for my lap, but I come no nearer gettin' it."

"You will never have Her *head* for any lap of yours in this world," said Robin. "For why? She is dead."

"Dead!" cried the Woman.

"Dead as mutton," said the old man. "My nuts-vomit-her has settled Her fine. Ye mind last Sabbath when I set the poison, and you cam' and croaked. A-well She cam' as I foretellt, and She partook of my comfort; and She hied Her home, Her, and there She laid Her and there She will lie till the last Trump."

"How came ye by this?" asked the Woman, impressed.

"There has been no killings since the Sabbath," said Robin.

"No killings since the Sabbath," echoed the Woman. "Nor there has, now I mind me!" and reported it to the Laird.

That grey old man opened his eyes.

"No killings since the Sabbath?" he asked hoarsely.

"Robin found none," the Woman replied.

"There will have been killings," said the Laird. "But Danny has not been there to resurrect the corpse."

"A-weel," said the Woman. "I will let Danny out the morn to see if he can find any."

The Laird closed his eyes.

"Bid him keep him close then," he said, "as the poison's about."

LXXIV

THE TEAR OF BLOOD

EARLY in the dawn next day Robin came to the kitchen alone; and a shadow sat upon him like a fate.

Now he came empty-handed, who of these late mornings had been wont to come laden with the spoils of his sowings.

The Woman regarded his empty hands with mocking amaze.

"Mortified none?" she mocked.

"I have not been my rounds," replied the dim old man, miserable as the morning without.

"What!" cried the Woman, "not to see to your night's handiwork! Not to gather God's creatures that you have done to death!"

"I have not been out-bye," said the old man, dim as a mist. "I have not been after Her."

The desolation in his voice struck home to her.

The Woman turned to look at him.

He was sitting by the empty fire; moping, miserable, a tragedy in every wrinkle.

"What gars ye look so dowie?" she cried. "Ye might have mortified yourself by mistake for Her by the look of ye."

Robin sat down with downcast eyes.

"She is not dead," he said, and bowed his head.

The Woman returned to her Martha-business, scornful and relieved.

"That is old news to me," she cried. "That day I have Her head in my lap that day I will believe Her dead—and not before."

Robin looked up.

"The day you have Her head in your lap," he said slowly, "will be the wae-est day of your life, Deborah Awe."

"Wae it may be," jeered the Woman, "but I will not live to see it."

"You will so," said Robin, gloomy as the grave. "Pity upon you for a woman of sorrows! for that day you will be like Rachel mourning for your wean because he is not."

The Woman turned round, startled at last.

"What's that?" she cried.

"The day you have Her head to your lap," said Robin, "that day you will see Danny dead."

The Woman looked at him scared.

"Keep us!" she cried. "What's come to ye?"

Robin shifted in his seat.

"I have dreamed," he said; and now there was no lightness

or laughter as of old about him, no superior complacency of the seer who sees things held from men; nothing now but misery, ashes, and hopeless woe.

The Woman saw it, and fear came upon her. She drew up a chair beside him and sat down—she who in a long life had hardly sat down till noon except to peel potatoes.

"Tell us!" she urged.

"I was on Lammer-more," began the old man in hushed slow voice. "It was at the edge of the dark and the kirk-bells tolling."

"It would be a Sabbath," said the Woman.

"I was setting for Her," continued the slow old man.

"The Sabbath and a'!" cried the Woman.

"And as I sat I saw, as it were, a shadow hunting across the snaw."

"The snaw?" cried the Woman.

"The snaw," repeated Robin. "And when it cam' night to me I kenn't it—I kenn't it——" he drew a slow long breath, as of one breathing his last—"for Danny."

The Woman half rose.

"For Danny," pursued the old man deliberately, "and there was blood upon him."

The Woman sat down, grey as her own hearth-stone.

"One tear of blood," said Robin, "no more," and paused.

"Then there came a mist, and I could no more see. But I heard him hard by me, and he was at battle."

He drew a tremulous old hand across his lips.

"And I could not stir hand to help him."

"Why that?" husked the Woman, grey and brief.

"I was set," said Robin, looking at her with eyes of anguish, "enchanted."

His old face began to tremble.

He rose to his feet, and his voice rose too.

"So there hard by me in the mist he fought—and She fought——"

"Was it Her he fought with?" gasped the Woman.

"Who other?" said Robin.

"I watna," said the Woman.

"And the roar and the rout of it shook the stars in the firmament." The flame of battle was in the old man's cheek. He stood before her, kindled, and kindling. "And to me in the mist it seemed, there was stillness on earth, and war in the heavens. It was round me, raging like the storm, and about me, and above me; and all the whiles"—the passion suddenly ebbed away—"I could not stir."

The battle-mood had passed and left him like a dead leaf, trembling, withered, old.

"And, O, Woman!" he peered down at her with frightened eyes; "somehow I kenn'd it was my man's Armageddon; and if I could not come to him, it would be all up with him."

He sat down; and his face was in his hands.

"And I just could not!" he sobbed. "And I just could not."

The Woman was rocking.

"And I cried to him to heart up, and I would be with him yet!—me that had never failed my man before in a thousand fights. And he cried back to me blythely—just as he aye would, then hard-set. And yet I could not!"—he lost his face in his hands again—"And I just could not."

"But what was it keepit you?" cried the Woman.

"It was Simon Ogg," said Robin, "holding me under and would not let me free."

The Woman gasped.

"And at last," Robin continued, lifting a wet face, "I could bear no more, and I fell away in a swoon."

"And when ye cam' back?"

"The mist was up and I could see."

"Ye was still there?" asked the Woman—"on the hill?"

"I lay just there where I had been," said Robin, "in the Neuk of the Brae." He gulped. "And so did Danny—on the snaw—hard by me—lying his length—my mannie—my Dannie"—his voice cracked beneath its weight of woe.

"Asleep!" gasped the other.

"Ay, Woman," said Robin, "sweet-asleep; nor would ever waken more."

The Woman rocked, her bosom torn with sobs.

"And Her?" she asked.

"There was no sign of Her anywheres," said Robin, drying his tears. "Yet some gate I kenn't She was dead."

"Little profit was there in that," wailed the Woman; "for so was my Danny."

"Ay," said Robin, "but Death was swallowed up in Victoree. As in life, so in Death, my man overcame."

For a while both sat silent. Robin was drying his eyes, and the Woman whimpering.

"And what of Simon Ogg?" she asked at last.

Robin shook his head,

"I kenna. I could see nothing; but I thought to hear him nicker in the birken-shaw behind."

"What d'ye make of it all, man Robin?" the Woman asked at last.

"He is fey,"¹ said Robin. "That is a sure thing. My man is fey. His fate is on him. Missie sent me that."

The Woman rose to her feet suddenly.

"Where is Danny?" she cried.

"I kenna," said Robin dully.

"I let him out to ye!" cried the Woman, horror-eyed, "He was off to the hill like a bolt to tryst ye."

"He will not have found me," said Robin, "and he will have come home. He will be with the Laird."

"That he is not," cried the Woman. "I would have heard his feet on the floor. The Lord send——"

She ran to the door.

Robin sat unmoved.

"Na, na," he said, "there's no snaw," and looked forth into the fair morning. "Forbye," he said, "it was the Sabbath."

"But he should be home by now!" cried the Woman.

¹ Fey = Doomed.

"And he is home," said Robin, as the familiar sound of slow mail-shod feet in the stone passage without came to his ears.

The Woman leaped round.

The door pushed open. In it stood the little knight, sturdy, massive, regarding them with dear eyes.

"There is little amiss with my man," cried the Woman, and ran to him with arms outstretched.

"Whist!" hissed Robin.

The Woman stopped abruptly, and stared round.

Robin stood behind her, with staring eyes.

"Keep us!" gasped the Woman. "What is it?"

"There" whispered the old man, pointing.

The Woman stared. Danny stood in the door, mighty-chested, wholesome, solid.

"What is it?" cried the Woman. "Speak!"

"The tear o' blood!" whispered Robin, "the tear o' blood."

"Where?" shrilled the Woman, and stooped to look into the face of her dear man.

"On the hair of his chin," whispered Robin, "on the hair of his chin——"

The Woman stooped to gaze. Danny faced her with calm eyes. Then he swaggered across to her with the roll and warrior gait peculiar to him.

The Woman burst into loud unmelodious laughter; and snatched him up.

"Blood!" she scoffed. "There is no blood at all!"

"There is not," said Robin. "There *was*."

"Ye dreamed it," jeered the Woman, rocking the grey knight on her shoulder.

"I did so," said Robin steadfastly. "And as I saw it in my dream, so I saw it then."

"Where is it then now?" jibed the other, lifting the hoary chin upon her shoulder.

"As I spoke," said Robin, "he licked it up with his tongue."

"Blethers!" jeered the Woman, jiggling her baby on her shoulder. "You and your dreams and your drink! What if

there was blood? Will it be the first time he has been up to the killing? Na," she said, "nor the last, my bloody wee murder-man," and nursed him motherly. "There is a bittock of venison to his breakfast for him!" she continued, wiping his feet on her apron, and placing him upon the dresser. "Say his blessing, and he shall have it!"

Then she turned to Robin.

"I am wondering what you had to your supper yester' een, Robin Crabbe," she said.

Robin was trailing out, slow, dim, and bowed.

"It was nothing I had to my supper," said he. "It was the sending of the Lord."

An hour later he was back.

"I tell't ye!" he said suddenly. "She is back on us!" and he flung a dead bird on the dresser.

LXXVI

WATCHING THE WEATHER

ALL that day Robin stood in the door of the kitchen, his old head back, and dull eyes on the duller sky.

Once the Woman came to his side.

"What ye at?" she asked curiously, peering too.

"Watching the weather," was the dull reply.

Late in the evening the Woman, hard-driven by the Laird upstairs, came down to find him still there, with backward head and upward eye.

"Where ha' ye been all this day long?" she asked.

"Just here," said Robin, dully.

"Nor stirred all the time?" cried the Woman.

"Ne'er a step," said dull Robin.

"Not been round your poisons?" shrilled the other.

"Na," said dull Robin.

"Then what in God's mercy ha' ye been at?"

"Watching the weather," said the dull old man, and dragged away to renew his watch on highest Lammermore.

About him there in that high man-deserted land was mourning and the dull insignia of woe, for summer was dead ! and the music and rich mirth of the golden days gone by for ever hushed.

As he stood up there, last sentinel, it seemed, of the outpost line of earth, there stretched beneath him a waste of tear-dimmed moors. Burn-water dead beneath the shadowing ramparts of the hills, and the sea dull as a sheathed sword that not long since has flashed in the face of heaven like far-flung Excalibur ; while at his feet the birch-woods, falling to ruin, seemed to mourn the glory departed from the earth ; and all around was the pomp and desolation of Nature's funeral.

There then the old man stood at gaze ; then he trailed miserably down through yellowing woods, where not so long ago he and Danny had marched to the sound of song and battle-music.

Next morning when the Woman came down stairs, she found Robin still at his post of vigil in the door.

"Keep me !" she cried. "Are you watching the weather yet?"

"What else ?" said the old man.

"Ha' ye been there all the night ?" shrilled the other.

"Since it was light," said Robin dully.

The Woman, who herself had been bustling since the dawn, and wrestling with the Laird, fell upon him furiously.

"Let bide that daft staring !" she shrilled, and shook him. "Did God make ye to admire ye ? that ye do nothing all day but stand and stare star-wards ? Ye mind me of my Jael when she had the mange on her, with yer slinkie down-dragget do-nothing ways."

"It's little to you," said the old man, staring still, "but I care," he said, "I care."

"Will watching the weather mend matters ?" shrilled the other. "Na, you will not mend the world by mourning over it. Set to ! Shake yourself ! Stir about ! Forget you are a

man ; make believe you are a woman and worker ; for though God made ye male, there's a feck o' little things ye might do. If you have nothing else to be at, put out after Her. Watching the weather will not kill Her that I can see."

"If it would," said Robin, "I would never watch more."

"Ye promised me Her head for my lap," cried the Woman.

"The day Her head is in your lap will be the day my heart is in its grave," said poor Robin.

"Have done," scoffed the Woman. "End Her, and you will mend yourself belike."

"The end o' Her will be the end of Danny and the end of the world," said the old man, "for Robin Crabbe."

That noon the Laird sent for Robin.

The old man left his post of vigil in the door reluctantly and went.

The Laird lay propped in bed, grim and gaunt, like the wolf in *Red Riding Hood*. About his grey old throat was a muffler ; on his hands the Woman's mittens ; across his knees in bed lay the dead bird, and at the foot of the bed Danny with dear eyes.

Robin stood in the door regarding him woefully.

"How is your Honour keeping?" asked the old man.

"I am bettering," said the Laird hoarsely.

"I'm wae to hear it," said old Robin.

"Ye would be," replied the grim Laird. "While I bide in bed ye can work at watching the weather, instead of digging the garden."

"While your Honour bides in bed," replied Robin, "Danny bides with you ; and while he does so," he cried with sudden passion, "not all the Hers in hell can do him scathe !"

"And how is Her?" asked the Laird.

"She is in her health," said Robin, "so far as I know—glory be."

"And like to be," said the Laird, "so far as I know."

"I'd fain think so," said Robin.

"Has there been any killings of late but this?" asked the Laird, holding up the dead bird.

"I have seen none," said Robin.

The Laird dropped his unshorn chin upon his hands.

"Tell me," he said curiously, "what d'you think She is."

"Think!" cried Robin. "I do not think. I know! She is a wraith and nothing else."

"A wraith?" queried the Laird.

"If not a wraith what else?" asked Robin. "She is not fur, or Danny would have searched Her out; She is not flesh, or surely I would have dealt with Her. There is no scent nor sign; no track nor trace; therefore She will be a wraith."

"Ye may be right," said the Laird, musing.

"Has Mr. Heriot ever kenn't me wrong?" the old man asked.

"There's only one thing," said the Laird slowly. "I never knew a wraith to do her killing with a string and a slip-noose"—and he held up the bird; and Robin saw about its neck tied tight a noose of string, the loose end hanging blue and thin like a disembodied vein.

Robin ran across the room, snatched the string, and peered at it.

"What of your wraith now?" asked the Laird at length.

"Just this," said Robin slowly, "that if She is a wraith, She will be Widow Ogg's wraith."

"Why that?"

"It was just such blue string as this that she would aye wear round the neck of her whisky-jar," Robin replied.

"Would Widow Ogg take the string with her when she departed?" asked the Laird.

Robin was dumb before him, handling the string with shaking fingers.

"Tell me," said the Laird at last, "is Simon Ogg here yet?"

Robin stood nodding and nodding as one long lost in the forest of despair to whom light has come at last.

"He is here yet," he said, in the far-away voice of one

thinking deeply. "But he is never seen. They do say he sits over his fire all day thinking on his minnie's last word."

"Go down the street at once," ordered the Laird. "Don't get drunk; see Simon Ogg, and *order* him to come here to me."

Robin stood looking at his master with wide eyes.

"He winna come!" he said, choking.

"He must," said the Laird.

The old man turned to go. The patter of feet on the floor behind him caused him to turn. Danny for once had left his post of vigil and was pleading to go with him.

The old man picked him up and bore him back to the bed.

"You do not understand, mannie," he cried tenderly, "but you are best biding with his Honour these days."

"He is so," said the Laird, and laid great hands upon his Squire to keep him safe.

An hour later the old man was back.

"Have ye seen Simon Ogg?" asked the Laird harshly.

"I have not seen him, for why? he would not let me in nor come to my call," the old man replied in choking voice. "But I keek'd through a cranny, and there he sat like a cat crouching over the fire; and I gave him a cry and tell't him your Honour's word."

"And what said he?" asked the Laird.

"He made as though he did not hear," the old man replied. "And I ken what the lad has in his mind, for they are saying in the village that you will never rise more from your bed."

"Are they saying that?" asked the Laird harshly.

"They are so," said Robin, "and that there will be no more kirk-keeping from now for ever."

"Indeed!" said the Laird, with gathering brows.

"And Simon is heeding them," Robin continued, "and thinking that if he winna come to you and you canna get to him he is safe either way."

"Canna!" said the Laird. "I kenna canna!¹—and I'll show Simon Ogg so the morn—and them too."

¹ The motto of the House of Heriot.

Robin looked at him with large eyes ; then he ran out with a gulp that was a gasp.

"The Laird'll be up the morn!" he cried to the Woman in the kitchen. "And the morn's the Sabbath!" And he sat down, and lost his old face in his hands.

LXXVII

THE LAIRD GETS UP FROM THE GRAVE

NEXT day broke, cold and harsh, with a sky like a December sea.

In the chill of the dawn Robin came to the door of the kitchen and stood there, grey as the morning without.

The Woman looked up, saw him and wondered.

"What is it?" she cried, pausing in Martha-business.

"It's the Sabbath and a'," said Robin, dry-throated.

"What if it is?" cried the Woman. "Is not that a thing to be thankful for?"

"There's snaw in the weather," said Robin huskily, his eyes upwards.

The Woman came to the door and looked out; then she went back to her work, bustling, scornful.

"Get you about your business!" she ordered, "you and your dreams! What gars ye stand there and mope when there's work to be done?"

"How is his Honour?" asked the old man.

"I kenna," snapped the Woman. "I have not so much as waked him yet."

Robin took a chair, sat down in the door of the kitchen, watching the weather.

"I will just bide till he does wake," said he.

At noon when the Woman came down from above, he had not moved.

"Does his Honour wake yet?" he asked, turning.

"His Honour's worse," snapped the Woman. "He's had little rest the night, and he's canker't as a wean'd child."

"He bides in bed then?" said the old man.

"Surely," said the grim Woman.

"And will so?" asked Robin.

"Surely," said the Woman. "I have his duds."

"And Danny?"

"Ye'll see none of Danny [this day," said the Woman.

"He lies at the foot of his Honour's bed, just as he would do at Missie's, and he'll not stir thence, till his Honour better's."

Robin turned to his watching.

"Keep him close!" he said, "keep him close! and maybe Missie and me will win through yet."

From down in the village through the open door came the sound of kirk-bells tolling.

Robin turned, and looked at the Woman.

"There!" he said.

"What is it?" cried the Woman.

"Kirk bells and a'!" said Robin.

"But the wonder would be if there werena!" said the Woman, her eyes on the clock. "It's kirk time."

"I tell't ye!" said Robin, dull with despair. "I just tell't ye!"

"What?" cried the Woman.

"It was on the Sabbath and a',"

"What was?"

"That what cam' in my dream," said Robin, "and the kirk bells tolling——"

The Woman came to the door and scanned the sky.

"There's no snaw," she cried.

"Not yet," said Robin.

"Nor will be," said the Woman, scanning the dull sky.

"Forbye Danny keeps by his Honour, and his Honour keeps in his bed."

Robin rose to his feet and stood still as a dead man.

"Hark!" he hoarsed.

The Woman hearkened, her eyes on the ceiling.

"Keep me!" she cried. "His Honour's for kirk," and fled.

When she flung into the room above, the Laird was sitting up in bed, gaunt, stark-throated, a grey muffler about his throat.

"Bring my boots!" ordered the Laird, before she had well entered.

"Your boots is it?" panted the other scornfully. "What for d'ye want your boots?"

"For my feet," hoarsed the Laird.

"Keep me!" she cried. "Is it his death Mr. Heriot is after?"

"Ay," said the Laird, "and Mr. Heriot would die in his boots."

The Woman marched across the room, picked up the boots that stood before the fire, marched to the door again and put her back against it.

"If Mr. Heriot will die it is as a Christian should die," said she grimly, "and that's in his bed—I will see to that, that am named Deborah Awe."

The Laird wound a woollen muffler about his throat.

"I am going out," he hoarsed, and wound another coil about his throat.

"Indeed, are you so?" scoffed the Woman, back against the door. "Where's your duds?"

"I am going out," said the Laird, "though I go as I am."

"Then ye go as God made ye," said the Woman.

"As God made me is good enough for me," hoarsed the Laird.

"And that's just stitch-stark!" said the Woman.

"Not quite," said the Laird. "I have my socks," and he thrust forth a gaunt shank-bone, "and my bonnet," and patted it down upon his head.

She flung at him, hectoring.

"Get you back!" she ordered. "Back into bed this instant. Cover yourself! Does Mr. Heriot hear me? It is me that am telling you—me that Missie willed you to, that you should do my bidding."

"Duds or no duds," said the Laird, beginning to rise, "I go to kirk."

"To kirk!" cried the Woman, near to tears—"to the kirk-garth."

"T'ane's on the way to t'ither," said the Laird, and stood before her gaunt and stark and grey, like one risen from the dead.

She came across to him pleading.

"But what need is there for your Honour to go?" she cried. "Your Honour's soul is safe. A kirk unkept will make little differ. Missie will put that right for you."

"Ye mistake," said the Laird, grey, tall, and shivering like an aspen-poplar in the dawn. "I do not go to keep my kirks."

"Is it to see the people keep theirs?"

"In part," said the Laird.

"But they will so," urged the other. "They will surely so. Your Honour need little fash for them. They will keep their kirks if only to pray it is your death-bed you are on."

"Though I am on my death-bed, yet will I rise from it to be among them; such," he said, "is my fondness for my people."

"You go to prove them right," sobbed the Woman, and surrendered.

When he was clothed and cloaked, she wound a plaid about his mouth and shoulders.

"And now," she cried with vindictive sarcasm, "how will you get? Will you walk? or will I order your coffin round to the door for you?"

The Laird, muffled in his plaid, tottered out of the room shakily and down the stairs, Danny solicitous before him.

In the hall the Woman, a bonnet now on her head, joined him, hurrying.

"I am for coming with you," she panted.

"You'll do nothing of the sort," said the Laird.

"Ye canna go your lane," cried the Woman, "Ye must have some one."

"I have."

"Who?"

"Danny," said the Laird, and went forth into the grey afternoon, tall and tottering, and Danny at his heels.

The Woman stood on the steps of the house behind him.

"It will be your death, mark me!" she shrilled; "you will live long enough to repent it and no more. And when it comes to pass as I tell you, and you lie in your grave, do not turn on me and say I never warned you."

"If you said as little as I will say then," husked the Laird, "I would be better pleased."

"I ken ye care nothing for me," cried the Woman, "or what Missie will think of me—" the tears in her eyes. "But ye might think of Danny. For you will be taken and he will be left—and what then?—poor lone mannie!"

"He will come with me," said the Laird.

"With you!" cried the Woman, "Then I will be left my lone."

"While you live you'll not lack for company," said the Laird.

"Company!" scoffed the Woman. "Robin!"

"Na," said the Laird. "Your tongue," and marched on.

But Danny, with his heart of a gentleman, turned and cantered back to his Woman to tell her with dear eyes that all would be well; for he, Daniel, son of Ivor, would surely bring his dear lord home to her again secure.

So she blessed him, and they parted.

She watched them down the drive; and then shuffled off to the kitchen.

"The Laird's daddled off to his own funeral," she sobbed, and sat down.

The old man in the door turned.

"It is here," he said.

"What?" she cried.

"The end of all," he answered; and held out his hand, and in the palm of it a flake of snow.

(To be continued.)

Basement

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